

OF LIFE
AND LOVE

BOOKS BY EMIL LUDWIG

Biographies

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NAPOLEON
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CLEOPATRA
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SCHLIEMANN • GIFTS OF LIFE
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NINE ETCHED FROM LIFE
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TALKS WITH MUSSOLINI
BISMARCK, *a play* • VERSAILLES, *a play*
THE GERMANS
THE NILE
THE MEDITERRANEAN

EMIL LUDWIG



OF LIFE AND LOVE



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To Claire Viola Sheftel

Foreword

There is always a touch of the artist's own character in portraits done by the Great Masters. Such is the type of portrait I have been striving for, these past thirty years. For objective portraiture does not exist, and if it did, would be uninteresting. The portraitist, whether his medium be canvas or book, always paints a bit of himself into his work; and the thoughtful observer can detect the artist by the stamp of his personality. So, too, the readers of my biographical portraits will no doubt have inferred the author's philosophy from his preference for certain characters and his antipathy for others, from his interpretation of certain documents and from the tone of many an interpolated commentary.

Fifteen years have passed since my last attempt to lift the biographer's mask. Today I return to myself, in a different literary form. After having portrayed so many characters in drama and in biography, I am this time offering sketches of my views on life, less in abstract principles than as moods and pictures. Since I consider a

symbolical presentation the ideal means for elucidating problems, I have joined together a number of scenes taken from my experience.

In the pages that follow, the reader will discover a disciple of Epicurus, that vastly misunderstood philosopher, who is closer to me, I feel, than any of the other Greek thinkers. The reader will also discover the world of a confirmed individualist who seeks to advance from the study of the human heart to the study of nature; and it is quite definitely an antitragic world. These thoughts and feelings are those of a European who seeks happiness rather for the individual than for the masses; the thoughts of a man who has no concern with restraint but with deeds and passion.

The three ideals around which my existence revolves, love, happiness and greatness, are here treated in as light a form as possible, as essays with examples culled from the motley panorama of life, or as imaginary conversations. In conclusion, I have painted a picture of my day, typical of those I have spent amidst work and relaxation. Perhaps it may provide an object lesson in how one might approach these ideals by renouncing the hubbub of the world and seeking composure rather than distraction.

And so I invite the reader to go sailing with me, as it were, not upon the ocean but upon a secluded Swiss lake. On a summer morning we shall glide along in the light breeze and see round about us hills, forests and villages, and perhaps even the white clouds above.

LUDWIG

California

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On Love

INTERMISSION

I

During the intermission, a man of indeterminate age rose from his seat; he felt stiff, he wanted to move around. While the soulful aria of the prima donna pricked at his mood, the rustling of her gown at his ear and eye, while the scales of the 'cellos rose and fell in his heart, his body had begun to feel like lead. Then the light, the applause, surged upon him as a release. He pressed past his neighbors, limbered his legs, fingered his coat, his tie. Restless, with an inner tension that he would not admit to himself, he took his opera glasses, looked around. He was not looking for anybody in particular; and yet, most certainly, in his highly sensitized mood, he was not seeking among these people, who had suddenly become personally close to him, for a man. He was seeking a continuation of what he had just felt, of what he had just heard; the whole of him was ready and waiting, alive to every stimulus.

Suddenly he stopped. In the lens he saw the head of a woman. Framed by chestnut hair, she was leaning back, so that a light to the side made luminous her profile. The carriage of her head marked the pervading spirit of the moment; her head that tilted toward her shoulder as she seemed to listen to tones somewhere behind. But there was no one there. The box was empty; her companions

had stepped into the foyer. Everybody else wanted to talk. The alone-ness of the man here and the woman there formed the first, invisible, bridge between them. One arm still rested on the edge of the box; the other hand was hidden in the shadow of her wine-red velvet dress. As her head was bent to the side, a vein was visible, delicately plastic.

All the dreams of this man, arising from the music, were made complete in this unhoped-for sight.¹⁴ Not jewels, nor pride, nor spirit, nor smile, not even what is commonly called beauty, had captivated him in the unknown woman. Only the temper of her soul, revealed in that tilting of the head, so corresponded with his own, the sudden sense of a bond beyond space and time was so great, that his heart, now completely awakened, grew warm in the sight of her.¹⁵ A romance had begun, was already destined beyond denial.

Up there, the doors opened; people walked down the steps of the box; they moved the chairs. The lady quickly composed herself and, as though now awakening from the spell of the music, she stood. The opera glasses took in the whole of her figure. She was no slimmer than the lady next to her; but as she smoothed the velvet folds of her dress, as her long fingers stroked it, ever-changing images of love swarmed in the head of the man. Each of her motions was to him an erotic arousal, as gently before the love aria had quickened him. Now the seriousness of her expression gave way to a smile, as the lady nearby picked up her shawl. New revelations, sensitive impulsions, surged

in the heart of the man like a stream. He envisioned the smile of a loving woman who—in cold reality—didn't even exist, whose lover he would vigorously deny being.

The light dimmed—music. The third act enfolded him in a melodic mist. In the place of the singer in the tragedy, or rather, in front of her, shadow-like, silent, the unknown woman stood. At the end of the aria, when the heroine sat on a bench, her head tilted to the side as she hearkened to the fading melodies, and she seemed to drink in the music and her destiny together, all his vague imagery fused into one clear picture.

He had already decided that at the end of the opera he would hurry to the entrance of her box. There he stood with the beating heart of a youngster, about to be vouchsafed in his waking hours a vision glimpsed in a dream! She must pass by him; it must be in a favorable light! That she would not be hurrying he knew from her behavior. As she left the box, last, she did not even notice him; but he stood entranced by the somewhat old-fashioned way in which, taking her dress by the material over her knees, she lifted it a little as she walked.

Thank God! She had left her libretto! A little to the side of her, he walked down the stairs and in three steps overtook her, hat in one hand by his side, with the other hand proffering the libretto. Thus blocked and at the same time mutely addressed, she must stop.

Above a short loose coat she saw a chiseled head, hair touched with gray, fine lips in an experienced face; in the

eyes a look that bared itself completely. For two seconds, the strangers stood, linked by a libretto that passed from one to the other. As he said nothing, she also needed but to nod; then she was gone.

The hours ahead determined the destiny of two persons that had never seen one another before. Because they constantly, wonderingly, must think back on one another; because of one look and one moment, the remote life-paths of two persons became absorbed in each other, two persons that only a few hours before, strangers, had passed one another by. Had the music acted as a divine go-between? Both these hearts, lonely in spite of many adventures, lonely in this period of their lives, on this particular evening pulsed with hope and renunciation and, because their hearts beat in such harmonious rhythm, were roused in a mutual love.

II

Love is a physical phenomenon, at all times, under all skies, for all ages. Love is possible without psychic effects and is so experienced in a thousand cases; but never without physical effects. Even the heroine of the most spiritualized love that has ever existed, even Beatrice triumphed by virtue of her physical appearance: as young Dante saw her on the bridge, he was captivated by the sight of this unknown woman; he transposed that vision into his life work. A slightly curved ridge of the nose, a flabby

breast, yes, even a dull garment, would have chilled the poet at the critical moment and hindered the flight of his imagination. Of course, Beatrice wore her soul in her glance; but it was her feminine form that stirred Dante, that he doubtless embraced in his dreams, while he lifted her as an innocent angel into the heavens, at the same time that she was bearing a lot of children for another man. Between the untouched, spiritualized Beatrice and the Dark Lady of the Sonnets whose whole range of passions, even to the biting stage, has been described by Shakespeare, between those two extreme forms that a passion can assume, lies an entire world. And yet they are linked by the fact that a woman's body has drawn a man to her and has awakened a poet in him—just as did the tilt of the head of the woman at the opera.

No love, it can thus be seen, will develop without a sense of contest. As, in the slow succession of events, those two people approach and finally possess each other, so it has always been, so we observe it daily in its purest form in the love play of animals. A contest: not a rivalry of souls as to which is the more courageous, the richer, the nobler; it is literally a battle of two bodies at play. ~~He that denies and seeks to avoid this basic form of love will never understand it.~~ While man in love fights and plays at the same time, he reaches the freest, that is, the highest, form of life; it brings him closest to the gods. The choosing and the contest are the basic elements of love.

This sense of contest, which we experience in all our

adventures, remains of the spirit almost universally and can be of the spirit in love as well. But while the saint, the philosopher, the research man, the father, the friend, up-raise their contests to the level of the pure spirit, sometimes knowing no point of victory other than death, the lover alone remains perforce within the bounds of the physical world. Therefore he alone can find that releasing climax which is reached in no other striving. Any other combat of two beings ends with the defeat of one of the fighters; the combat of two lovers is unique because, in the end, both are victorious.

It begins with a glance. What quickened those two at the opera to each other and, before long, will make out of two strangers two beings that will, for a short while at least, transform their own lives and influence one another's—was, in the beginning, only two glances that, meeting, said "I like you." It is the eye that makes the first choice in love. Whether it sees the actual person, or only his likeness, the eye becomes messenger of an attraction that, between souls, may be called mystic, but that in the world of the body can be touched and measured. Only in the rarest cases will a voice singing or calling in a forest, will an unseen person on the telephone or the radio, excite another person by the sound, through the ear.

Goethe says:

"Oh, that there are so many senses!

They bring confusion into happiness.

When I see you, I wish I were deaf,

And when I hear you—blind.”

In one of the profound thoughts that elevate Casanova in spite of himself to a philosopher of love, he speaks of the decisive experiencing through look and expression. A naked woman, he says, who lies before us with her head covered, cannot excite us; a fully clothed woman into whose uncovered features we look, may rouse in us that erotic tingle with which every love begins.

A man that might happen to possess a woman only when her face is covered, who at all times can possess her only so, would eventually go insane at the thought that he doesn't know to whom he is giving himself. On the other hand, surely every man has once experienced the magic that can flow from the eyes, from the smile, of a woman completely clothed, and from this allurements has drawn conclusions about her power for love that should emanate from the body. The perfect body of a young man who, sleeping on the beach, is exposed to the eyes of a woman while his head is covered with a kerchief against the sun, will seduce her less than the smiling or pensive expression of a well-built young man dressed in a sport suit, who at the same moment passes by.

In this respect, motion is important. A sleeping person induces respect, almost as much as a dead one. So that even the Greek gods, when they eavesdropped on naked girls asleep, dared at the most, a kiss. Love in action presents itself as a combat; each movement stimulates the nerves of the desirous one: motionlessness makes his ex-

citement die down. Motion breeds the fiercest and quickest fulfilment. Two young persons, after a long gallop, may tie their sweating horses to a tree in the forest, tumble into the grass and at once possess each other, continuing the rhythm of the ride. At the end of the Kreutzer Sonata, in one overwhelming presto, ride and surrender, fuse.

III

Wherein lies the secret of the choice? What attracts us? That which is kindred, or that which is strange? Do we want to change or to find ourselves in love?

Either is possible; both can be productive. Many a person has held close, throughout their entire lives, two friends to him that always remained strange to one another, because one of them attracted by virtue of similarity, the other by virtue of difference. Thus, a dark man may usually seek a pink-and-gold woman, but in all likelihood he will once, to his own surprise, be drawn to a brunette who might pass for his own sister.

Just as friendship with a person of a similar make-up is usually more tranquil and secure than that with one's opposite in character, just so love between two antipodal types will be briefer and more violent. A notable marriage between extremes is therefore possible only through a gradual growing together and through such devotion that each party gives up a part of himself; whereas at the beginning, when one magnetized the other, it was the

very difference itself that was the source of the mutual attraction. The saying that extremes meet makes literal sense only when it refers to the contacting of two electric currents. For it is precisely from this contact of two contrary natures that sparks of passion fly up; only, in the ideal situation, neither of the two can say which of them represents the positive, which the negative, current.

We are still pondering the ideal case, and at its lightning beginning; nowhere else is the love-contest so simple in nature and so beautiful. Seldom does the last vestige of modesty disappear; but when this does occur the couple are completely alone, nobody can see them; only the lover as an artist retains consciousness of himself, and the capacity to observe these swift-flown moments. But the golden pheasant and its pheasant hen—what a spectacle they present! He dashes after her, with slightly cresting comb; she teases him, repulses him; now she eludes him; again she races away; until, finally, he maneuvers her into a rocky corner. He ruffles up his red-gold feathers over their blue-feathered background, and suddenly crows forth in frenzied excitement. She is alarmed, half stumbling, yet at the same time charmed. Delightful pictures, not to be seen among men! Not until he finally seizes her, mounts her, shakes her, and couples with her, does the animal act prove inferior to that of man; for only man has prepared himself for all potentialities by an endless sequence of dreams and thoughts; thus only man can develop these, and bring himself to greater joys.

And yet, with the rise of passion, all is sensual. From the moment that an indefinable power drives two strangers towards one another through the power of their mingled glance, each of the two is swept willy-nilly into a whirl of sensual impressions, which simultaneously mark them both together. Whatever pleases him, whatever delights him, leads him to the desire thus to please her too. While each still looks at the other analytically, as one surveying a new landscape from a mountain top, each feels like a watched but living landscape and tries, with every word, with every motion, to grow into a fuller understanding of the other, to grow more like the other.

This first simple impulsion is almost always complicated by the presence of strangers, by customs and prejudices that society has set up. The moment in which two persons, introduced by a third, approach each other, perhaps only nodding a greeting, perhaps not even shaking each other's hand—that is a moment potent with destiny: at that very moment, two life journeys perhaps are torn from their orbits and made one; nights, years of ecstasy are determined, children begotten, generations born. If these two persons, out of their own free instincts, choose each other for love, then they are, while speaking about the war, about a pianist, already atingle with the first “pheasant-feelings”. If they are connoisseurs of love, not novices, each at once senses what the other knows, how the other feels. The slender hand of the woman lifts slowly to the neckline of her evening gown, to smooth a piece of

lace upon which his glance now rests, for the lace has moved just a trifle inward. This motion may in its turn lead farther on the man whose look is now fixed upon her bosom; for his thought follows her hand, and is roused to imagine the warmth her cool fingers may be feeling.

Nothing, at the start of a love affair—sometimes during the entire hold of a passionate attachment—can appeal to a man's imagination more strongly than a woman's breasts, and nothing of his body can excite her in the same manner.⁴ Herein lies the basic reason for the fact, true at all times and in all countries, that a woman can never be so aroused by the clothed form of a man as he may be by hers.⁵ While Nature—and not only among birds—adorns the male so as to make him more attractive to the female, style has at all times adorned the woman much more than the man; if the multi-colored silk costumes of noblemen of olden days now please us on the stage, those noblemen saw everywhere about them women in robes of an enchantment beyond aught our time creates.

A young girl is frightened by a man's body; but an adolescent boy will be irresistibly attracted by the breasts of a woman, even before he has experienced the secrets of lovemaking. Precisely because they were not created primarily for that purpose, not for the sex act itself; just because they don't excite the desires directly, the breasts of a woman affect most men more erotically than her sex itself. On the one hand is the physical juxtaposition of two organs; on the other, a one-sided, delicate attraction,

which can endure only a caress. Compensating the invisibility of a woman's sex, this secondary region of love stands forth, so manifestly that the hands of artists in every age have set themselves trials, have delighted in picturing and sculpturing a woman's bosom. The fact that it was the hands of men which created these portrayals leads us into the profundities of the intimate relationship between art and love.

In truth, everything that presents itself to the eye of the other sex may decide the choice. A woman's glance, caught by the part in a man's hair, by the nostrils on an unknown face, notes also how he puts his hand into his pocket, how he holds a match, how he lifts his foot over a stone, what kind of shoe covers his feet. In those undecided moments before a choice is made, destinies are often interlocked by the manner in which a man holds and handles his golf clubs in front of a woman, or in which a woman's arm lifts from the lace of her gown to rest on the fireplace mantel. Destinies are often sundered, even before that first fateful fusion, because her manner of moistening her lips with the tip of her tongue frightens him away, or because she is sobered by his loud inopportune laughter. One subtlety too much, as they sit in the car together; one half hour too early for the first attempt—and all is over.

IV

If love were not a contest, how then could the poets from the times of the Pharaohs until today, unto tomorrow, sing of the endless various chain of means that lie between the original choosing and the first surrender? Those earliest signs of courtship, which begin even before the Spring of love, in the February of love, are innumerable. They extend from the naive to the burlesque, from the pathetic to the humorous, and they lead at the same time back to the tragic: a bold, calculating, often villainous play of words and signs. The letter, the flower, the paper that surely has been kissed before the sending: such tokens have sailed back and forth the world over, have brought the most unimaginative young man, for a few rare moments, close to the sphere of the poets.¹¹ For love is the only work of art on which even the most completely inartistic of natures is called to collaborate at least once in its lifetime.

Again, between choice and surrender, the dual meanings of speech step in: expressions that probe by hints, that seek to fathom the taste of the other and at the same time prove one's own is similar. There they stand in the corner, discussing an art exhibit. But when, earnestly, he praises the nudes of Maillol, both know that he is conscious of his companion's breasts. At the same time, he puts his hands in his pockets, stands with his feet wide-spread, displays his slim, masculine form directly before

her eyes, nay, more, gives vent to a burst of laughter that shows his fine teeth—in order to demonstrate his vigor and his health.

If animals half shyly, half lustfully, keep their sexual organs under feathers or fur, save when the female in heat finally surrenders, then they are thus dominated only for the period of their excitement. Men, however, who have such periods less often and seldom give them full expression, are bound by a hundred conventions, no matter how free from observation they may seem. That is why the human love-contest proceeds more slowly; even if sophistication does not enter in, a sophistication with which we try further to slow the process and thus to prolong each enjoyment, from wine and the taste of a fruit on the tongue to the returning walk home.

After their choice has been made, the couple try continually to anticipate their possession of each other's bodies. The leap of the man to help her into her coat, in order to touch her shoulder; her coquetry as she drops a handkerchief, in order to touch his hand when he picks it up; the passing through a door in which they must brush against each other; such moments, in the first hours after their choice is made, bear such an arousal as later cannot be surpassed even by a complete union. Today sport with its accompanying nudity has deprived youth of the tingling stir of those first meetings and has put clear thinking, logic, almost mechanization, in the place of the old-fashioned being-in-love that trembled from doubt to hope.

Spirit and speech, in this, play only the role of a medium; they are the hoops through which the galloping circus riders jump, immediately to leap once more onto the backs of their horses. With skill and cunning, the man always tries new topics, so that the woman will ensnare herself in them, will give herself away by a word in which her surrender already is implied. When first, on the evening of their determined but as yet unspoken choice, they part, each repeats to himself in his lonely room every phrase, recalls the modulations of the voice, the smile, the position of the other's hands, when this word or that word fell. For a doubt still lives in both hearts, as to whether or not the whole thing has not been just imagined. Then each asks himself, in solemn earnest, where all this is going to lead. That is the hour of cynical conclusions, at least with the man, who perhaps thinks as did Mephistopheles-Schopenhauer: "She serves me no more and no less than ⁷⁻⁸ would any other."

The doubt is duplicated on her side. "Does he really like me?" she asks herself before her mirror, smoothing away a wrinkle as though she could even now improve the impression made on his experienced eye. But at the same time she asks herself: "Do I really like him?" And to the hundred contradictory answers with which she falls asleep, he responds from afar, by invisible air waves.

Perhaps he makes actual use of those waves, reaches out with a hesitating hand for the telephone. The call startles her; she responds with an inconsequential word;

they both smile in embarrassment. For the telephone has become one of the greatest seducers; it affords our epoch highly refined forms of courtship. The manner in which she answers; the tone in which he tells her some trivial thing, pressing his real purpose through his pauses; the working of the imagination, as to how she looks, could he see her at this moment; the mad idea that she might call him to her now, might ravish them both to heaven: this love-combat, now conducted by only one of the five senses, by one ear to the other ear, sharpens the suspense.

Then, at the next meeting, all five senses are at once let loose upon the wide, newly opened pathways. That he plays the leader's part is an age-old custom. Woe to a generation that reverses the roles! Neither the masculine woman nor the woman of genius should take the initiative; everything must originate with the man. "Thus long ago spoke the Sibyllae, thus the prophets." In that sense, the golden pheasant rules—or at least it must appear that he is the ruler. In reality, she has schemed everything that could make her more desirable, could draw him closer. Just as he has chosen the color of his tie to give her pleasure, so did she choose her perfume, every part of her toilette, her finest lingerie, although she knows that for the time being he will but surmise. For when all senses surge and pursue one another, she knows the sorcery of the unseen.

At the same time, they test each other by a third, before a fourth, a fifth person. He compares her, as he watches

her near by, with another woman who has just entered; his heart glows because he finds her far more beautiful, far more attractive. She, on the other hand, observes how he compares with the husband of her girl friend. She trembles at what he may answer to a question, and applauds him silently and is glad of her choice when he excels the other in spirit as well as in bearing. When the other visitors are gone, the secret concord of the two aroused persons has deepened.

When he proposes a rendezvous, where they may look at pictures, or eat together on a bright day in public, the moment when he calls a cab stirs an uneasiness in them both, as now her hand will for the first time be clasped in his.

With this gesture—thus far delayed, and preceded only by a light touch of the foot—the conquest of the body has begun. The boldest ideas, the most tender opinions, may already have been expressed; there may have been discussions about God and immortality; but the first touch of a hand will surge in them both like a signal, like a warning, and will surely lilt the woman in a kind of giddiness, in which, for a while, all spiritualities will disappear. Yet hours, even months may pass, before the conquest. The feeling that the perfect moment has not arrived, perhaps even a psychic weakness, may hold back the woman, or indeed the man.

Both feel that this first touch of a hand in a cab, even if it was expected by the woman, means a decision of the

THE SECOND TIME

first order; it contains, basically, all of what is to follow. There is nothing to compare with this gesture in all the living together of human beings. The man felt nothing at all like this, when he kissed the hand of the lady, at their introduction, though he was in this way very close to a strange lady; but today, the little touch of her glove means a surrender that makes both tremble.

Did she not, but yesterday night, kiss her father's, her brother's, cheek, and both but gently smiled at her? Did not, at this very moment, thousands of persons shake hands in this city, in the whole world, without one taking aught from the other? But here for the first time, with an anxiety similar to that with which one yields a carefully guarded piece of property to another, be it for only a few seconds, a part of the body has been surrendered.

V

One should perhaps see a landscape, a piece of art, or a loved person, immediately for a second time. Fearfulness and confusion, astonishment and questioning, doubt, enchantment, prevent proper enjoyment at first sight of Rome, at first hearing of a quartet, and especially at the first choice of love. The comparison through which, even in a child, astonishment will try to save itself, the assurance that one has not erred, the transformation of a first frail timidity into a tender smile: all this will take place only at a second meeting with persons and things that at

once attract us.

We are, furthermore, subject to the power of tradition to such a degree that we taste each new surprising experience as a swimmer, at evening in the South Seas, who suddenly sees a kindled star that may mean everything, may bring him fortune or disaster. But that which yesterday took exciting start and today rises toward its expected fulfilment, now gives us a first, tiny foothold to which we can cling, in this new bewilderment, as to the first step which we ourselves cut in the rock when climbing the Alps. From yesterday's astonishment, from the confusion of emotions into which we were suddenly plunged, we return today to our usual world, into which we must somehow fit this new experience.

And furthermore, the intoxication of meeting again! If nothing in love equals the rapture that Beethoven puts into the ending of "Les Adieux", at least the first meeting after our choice has been made is the very first meeting re-lived. In a hundred streams, reveries and fantasies pour out to affirm the possession of the person chosen the day before, and since then encircled in magic, as now he smiles when we enter. Now the secret of two souls, as yet closely guarded, and wholly possessed only by themselves, begins to work between them. It grows quickly, through glances of understanding that nobody about them can understand. Since, in such a mood, we are inclined to interpret every sign as favorable to our choice, and since the period between, spent in what we deem clear consideration, logical

analysis, sober thinking, has only strengthened us in our choice, throughout the second meeting our heart cries out to us that we have made no mistake.

We now attempt, in clothing, attitude, conversation, to bring to the fore everything that might re-affirm the other's choice; hence we naturally please him all the more. The will to move ahead now increases in both so quickly that they pay no heed even to those first warning indications, when a strange phrase is used, or an odd gesture. Through constant acquiescence, each is inclined to drive the other on, questioning, questioning, to bring out not only the idiosyncrasies, but the unknown past.

The fact that here the tensions that rise between them are concerned less with the world of thought than with taste, less with ideas than with ways of behavior, is a consequence of the basic physical foundation and motivation of the original choice. That is the reason why the first visit to the home of the chosen one, whom the man has previously met among strangers, is most important. Here it is that he learns to know her through her tastes, the more especially if it be a simple room, not a rich mansion. She, on the other hand, on a first visit to his home will immediately draw conclusions as to what he lacks, and how she herself could supply it. In such a situation, the man is usually the more objective. The fact that she prefers red tells him more than the fact that she talks in favor of democracy. If she keeps caged birds, she demonstrates, at one and the same time, capacity for affection and selfish-

ness. The manner in which she picks up a cat and strokes it on her knees, the way in which she moves her fingers, reveals to the delighted man much more than her ideas about the present war.¹¹ Intellect will seldom further a young love, and sometimes kills it.¹²

And yet one is seldom silent at this "first-meeting-again." One speaks, but with all the implied meanings that speech has created. And at the moment when this speech shifts from the formal "Sie" to the intimate "Du"—a moment trembling and important as the first pressure of a hand—the physical desire to belong to each other takes on, for the first time, spiritual aspects. The Anglo-Saxons, who know only the "you", lose these tender moments of young love. In other languages, which slide from the "Sie" to the "Du" as Schubert from the major to the minor key, this feeling of daring can also perish in a few seconds. In French marriages, the couple often return to the "vous", and every German has known, in the vicissitudes of a love affair, moments in which he would have liked to retreat into the safety of the "Sie".

Often it is lips that have just been kissed that frame the first "Du"; but even here, the paths are labyrinthine. The uncertainty of the man, the shyness of the woman, the capricious slowness of either, can shift the first kiss to a spot on the neck or on the hair that has long been a focus of attraction.¹³ Both feel that the contest remains an easy-going one, that retreat is ready, so long as lips have not found each other.¹⁴ Only the true kiss seals the compact.¹⁵

The decision to kiss for the first time is the most crucial in any love story. It changes the relationship of two people much more strongly than even the final surrender; because this kiss already has within it that surrender.¹¹

¹¹ For it is just here that the combat of love becomes different from any other: "it is a mystic act in which everyone gives that takes." While with every second a lover buries himself more deeply in the beloved, because he drinks in her life breath and at the same time enriches her with his, their kiss raises the two into a world free from all other goals. The intoxication, the sweet fear, by which the very young are seized in such moments, leads them to the very door of death. They feel that, from this moment on, life has changed its meaning to its innermost depths.

That is why men flee into solitude for this communion, as for prayer or for music. No one, at this moment, can bear the presence of strangers; even at public concerts their presence seems indecent. The kiss in a motion picture, a close-up, impresses one as even more repellent than the showing of the sexual act. Lovers, sitting next to each other and watching such things from orchestra seats, will in embarrassment unclasp their hands; whereas that section in Wagner's "Tristan" which pictures the trembling of two lovers after the first kiss will make them, too, tremble.

A love can be imagined and portrayed, that would ascend to that first kiss and then forever end, so that nothing might be repeated, nothing made cheap. Without

that kiss, a portrayal, as in Dante, will be ethereal, will lose all power of suggestion. After that kiss, fulfilment has been attained. The climax of a love is here; it never will return.

"And yet, the romance begins but afterwards." Between the kiss and the surrender of a woman there may stretch minutes, 'as often on nights when one has been drinking; or years, as between Goethe and Frau Von Stein. The healthy, natural contest puts neither of these extremes between the two acts. What lack of opportunity, what the shrewdness of the man, the experience of the woman, can do to bring about or delay their union for a while, depends upon their personalities and their pasts. All this is a question rather of tastes than of passion; even Sterndhal stresses that each form of love dissolves into the other.

Innocent couples may stumble in these interludes because of their lack of experience: the fall from ecstasy to disillusionment has even at times impelled a young lover toward suicide. For as a young man caught in the flush of his first love walks like a stranger along the familiar streets, dreaming, and dreamily goes through the daily acts at home, with his brothers, his parents, whom till now he took for granted, as he did himself, so in this too he is much like a madman, who no longer fits into the ordered world. Suddenly he is filled, suddenly they are both filled, with the feeling that they are isolated from the others. They are uplifted in holiday mood, which they at once enjoy and fear, lest their inner exaltation be betrayed in

their faces, at home or on the street. They are seized with a sense of change in the entire world around. A dress, a sheet of paper, a piece of fruit assumes tremendous importance to these young people; in their hands it becomes a symbol, it quickens their emotions.

Then come the confessions bashfully given, in which the lovers explain to one another why at that time they had refused the wine; why he had stretched out his hand for a bunch of flowers; what was the thought behind that vehement look. Thus they resemble two enemy captains who meet years after a sea battle and explain to one another the reasons for their former moves. But this very fact makes clear the conflict in all love.

But, at first, they remain peculiarly pensive. But yesterday they were companionable, gay; they played with their friends; life was easy, bright, unselfconscious; now of a sudden they feel lonely because they are separated from a being whom yesterday morning they had not even known. The melancholy that rises like a heady fragrance from the flower of love is never more real and more dangerous than in youth; in truth, it thrives only upon youth—just as the solemn seriousness of life, the philosophical questioning, the full absorption in our human fate, belong to youth alone. Thus youth alone embraces love in an elemental manner, because youth knows love as an element. For youth is always in love with life as a whole, with a love in which all is new, all brave, and all exaggerates. Youth is shaken by love as though love were the essence of life—

which in truth it is. A similar enchantment is experienced in later years only by the artist.

Cherubino, the page in *Figaro*, is forever the most delicate portrayal of this enchanting madness; it is seen again in the colors of the wings of the Amorettes by Coreggio. No one so well as Mozart, who himself staggered among women like a perennial youth, no one so well as he in those two arias, has perpetuated the magic of that charming boy who runs inconstant from one woman to the next, and says to each in turn: "Voi che sapete che cosa è amor (You who understand the meaning of love!)"

How young lovers, intoxicated novices, are suddenly transported beyond themselves! The day is empty—no, it is full of expectation, because all thought, all hope, is directed to the one moment in which they shall see one another again. Over and over, she has imagined whether he will be standing at the window of the train, whether he will see her on the platform right away, whether he will give her his hand, whether he will kiss her hand, yes, even her mouth, before all the world. All day long he has asked himself whether she will wait for him well out in front, or stand aside somewhat concealed, whether she will wear the same blue dress, and to-day perhaps a flower, whether gloves will embellish her appearance, though they close off the warmth of her skin.

Then everything happens quite differently! They both forget what they have had in mind. They can't think of anything to say; they only smile, perhaps from embarrass-

ment; they swing their intertwined hands back and forth like children. Sensitive natures are so deeply shaken by their first love because in it they are thrown back into the gay, unselfconscious state of childhood; but at the same time, they feel themselves swung out into the unknown spaces of a richer life, and between those two estates they lose their balance. Only the mediocrity of most emotions, the dullness and absent-mindedness of most persons, explains the fact that not more young people fall from this unmanageable aeroplane in full flight.

Because most men have experienced their deepest emotions in youth and have forgotten those feelings, they look back from their pathetically secure lives with a smile at what they call their first love. From the comfortable rocking-chairs of their achieved equilibrium, they can be heard sneering at that age of uncertainty. Herein lies the reason for the disintegration of many marriages; for in later life the woman is less inclined to renounce love as an urge of the imagination. The greatest passions of women lie generally between the ages of thirty and fifty, in a period during which the man's attention is diverted by his fight for existence, for wealth, rank, name. Then a woman has more time—a man, less.

This difference in periods springs from the animal elements of the two sexes. The *physis* of a man, which seeks to rid itself of its over-abundance, makes him less inclined to, less apt for, prolongation, cultivation, and refinement of love than is the woman, who is driven by her *physis* to

absorb more and more. That is why love is the true element of all women, because they can never be done with it; but not of all men and by no means at all times. While Nature guides the woman entirely towards love, of which children are only the visible expression, and therefore fills her imagination with it, most men are content with the mechanical dispatch of their urges. A man is unfaithful in marriage out of vanity, out of a mood, or in order to prove to himself that he still is young; a woman, under the drive of her imagination. Because women by nature are less vain than men, their adventures stem from deeper sources.

If, therefore, a man's periods of great passions usually occur much earlier than those of a woman, then, most naturally, love affairs will spring up between younger men and older women. These bring forth the most beautiful flowering; save that, for the most part, they end tragically or, at the least, sadly. A mature woman enjoys love anew in the arms of a youth, and her inborn role as half mistress, half mother, is deepened in such cases to romantic ecstasies; he, on the other hand, finds in an older mistress love without the horrors and bewilderments that usually accompany the coming together of two very young people. The great extent to which love is an art, slowly acquired, is manifest in the development of the amours of two younger people who, not until years after they have belonged to each other and perhaps have begotten children, penetrate to the secrets of love.

Similarly, the affection, yes, the passion of a young girl for a mature man belongs among the most beautiful forms of love. By a hundred trivia that indicate his understanding he excites her admiration as, by a childlike look, she deepens his delight. Education should attempt to bring about such relationships; no one is better suited for the introduction of a young man to love than a younger friend of his mother's. Ancient times, which understood more about love than we, knew this and therefore introduced love into religion instead of setting them in opposition; not only Greek vases, the great frescoes of Herculaneum, but also Titian's Induction into the Service of Bacchus, give testimony to this. Christian culture has obscured the problem because it forbade love without marriage and blessed marriage even without love.

Why do the Ephebes, the youth of ancient art and legend, always come together with mature women, divine and human? And why are the most beautiful girls always surprised by gods and demi-gods that might have been their fathers? Because, although love is an element, making love is an art that cannot be taught to one another by two students.

If, then, the balance in the erotic does not depend on age, it nevertheless does depend very much on a harmony in the spiritual atmosphere in which two strangers meet. That is why two persons can fall in love with one another at a certain time, even though, before, they had met quite coolly. Goethe, who tried to determine those periods in

himself, found that at times he felt dry and unamorous; but again, he would start on a trip in splendid humor because, although he had no idea what woman he would encounter, he knew he would meet Eros.

Such erotic moods have more striking results in the country than in the city. Love demands not activity but the idyllic life. A saying has it that "idleness is the fountain-head of vice"; and if we put "passion" in place of "vice", we shall be very little mistaken. Save that "idleness" must not be despised, as in bourgeois morality, but must be sought as the source of philosophy and feeling. A few great natures like Goethe, who live closest to the elements, have had to plunge into activity from passions of all sorts, in order not to be drowned in them.

A party of persons living together for a while, in a country house or a mountain village, is pre-ordained to love affairs. The leisure for studying one's own heart, as well as the other's; the walks with their spells of silence, their monologues, their talks, give both the man and the woman a chance to explore their hearts. Whether he fails to notice an anthill or avoids it, and in doing so, whether he exaggerates the caution of his steps, become as significant to her as is to him her manner of defending someone during a discussion: with passion, or simply with lucid reason. In addition, those interruptions fall away that friends and foes of our actions otherwise create in our emotional world. It is a climate in which affections develop in a much more unselfconscious and delicate manner

than amidst business concerns, elevators, telephones.

Can a man who, every evening in a country house, has spent some time with a lady, beautifully gowned, and has accompanied her to the door of her room—can he, when in the morning he sees her once more, but now in sports attire, always banish the image of her during the nine hours closed in that room: the question, how she looked in between?

Say that there are three men, in the same house at the same time, that have these thoughts, while only one woman ripe for love is near. Let us assume that one is the husband, two are friends of the house. Can such a state long continue among men of healthy senses, without some sort of upheaval? Wouldn't even her husband, if he be more than a mere man of business, note with roused interest the vibrations that emanate from her? Before long, she will have noticed which of the two others likes a certain perfume, which the more admires the décolleté of her gown. Even if she wants nothing of either, this erotic play can easily grow to confusion, precipitate a crisis.

It is the country house alone that has caused all this; it would not have happened in a city apartment house. But only weak natures complain about such coincidences, and attempt to avoid them. "If opportunity makes not only thieves but also lovers, it must not, any more than life itself, be called an arranger of amours.

VI

To conquer the chosen woman and yet to temper the brutality, to lighten up the darknesses, represents such a bold undertaking that even the healthiest bodies are as much afraid of being unveiled as they desire it. This drive to gain possession of the other, this fundamentally terrible desire to double, to destroy oneself and the other, can actually be realized for the first time only in a state of intoxication, of madness. Persons that, after the choosing and the first skirmishes, make an appointment for Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, for their first intimate union, are on a lower level than the golden pheasant; only a tragically sunken cynicism can bring mature persons to such a decision. The god that must lead to this first drunkenness is that dizzily reeling, immaturely born one, Dionysus; and the fact that, from Homer to the Palace Hotel, from the finished artist to the Negro dance, wine was and is the elder guardian of Eros, reveals the profounder meaning of his madness.

An evening of dancing can, in the love-combat of the body, act upon two people who till then have been undecided, fuse them so closely that their surrender can no longer be escaped. A single dance position, elegantly trod by a man dancing with another woman, should and can influence the woman of his choice to give herself to him that very night. The three ancient orphic observances, dance, music, and wine, are even today the true choral

leaders of love. That is why men that abhor wine have but a partial understanding of love. Women who call it alcohol, men who boast of their abstinence, may beget children by one another; but they should not believe that they know love.

What happens in that first hour is in reality madness: it is well that most are not aware of this. To invade a person means to destroy him; and love is the great form in which, ever since the first fratricide, one man has invaded another. But all that conditions our living together is here reversed. While in all other circumstances, a man covers himself up even before another man; while, as night falls, he is careful and watchful; the incredible happens here, in that he denudes himself before the other sex, and heedless thereafter goes to sleep. "To know," the Bible calls it: a profoundly meaningful word!

From this wells the astonishment that one lover reads in the other's eye, when they awake from their intoxication; from this, the long silent pauses that Wagner sets in "Tristan". Here the profound relationship between music and love is revealed, because only here the deeply stirred emotions of man lift him out of himself without his being able, as in the face of the workings of Nature, to seize upon and actually touch each phase of his arousal.

In truth, only two arts have presented love directly: painting, through the tangibility of the bodies portrayed; music, through the intangibility of its tones. Poetry cannot reach the heights of these two most perfect, sensual yet

super-sensual presentations. The most beautiful verses only approximate music; nor do they transmit what Giorgione and Leonardo knew how to paint of love. Drama and novel have almost always dealt with the conflicts between love within society, between classes, and with other passing problems that have nothing to do with the basic elements of love. The battle of two extraordinary natures for what they can construct together, as well as their battles with each other, have but seldom been depicted, as in the old Tristan legend, or at times by Schlegel, Dehmel, Stendhal, Flaubert. Never has a poet been able to say such profound things about love as are contained in the twenty-four bars of the last duet in which Carmen and Escamillo pour forth their very souls.

The state of shock that comes after the surrender is so all-inclusive["] that only the smile of the woman can lessen the embarrassment of the man, that only the protection of the man can lessen the fright of the woman.["] Never in their lives has either of them come so close to the face of their most intimate friend.

Now the hour begins, now begin many hours, in which they study each other, with never tiring gaze, by the light of a shaded lamp: with astonishment, they find their own image in the eye of the other. This miracle becomes magical when a brown eye is mirrored by a blue, or a dark by a bright eye. Enchantment seizes the two souls and holds them in a wordless spell, while with tender hands they trace the lines of each other's faces, when they finally give

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themselves over to the sight of a body that their hands have never before approached. Then, as she lifts her arm, he lifts his own close by; they look, compare, and smile: then two people become close to godlike.

The morning on which a young spirit awakens for the first time not alone, signifies the greatest epoch of his life; it is comparable to no other morning: not to the waking for the first time among glaciers; nor at sea; nor returned from a long voyage eyes open with half-fearful delight, in one's own old bed.

Here too the second meeting is more crucial. Just as a 'hungry person cannot enjoy a delicious meal,'¹ so the lovers must grow attuned to one another's bodies, in a quieter, in a slowly rising, cognition. Just as the two kindred natures will choose each other at first sight, but will learn to know, to enhance, to speed one another on, only during the course of conversations,² so sexual love requires more than one contact for true fulfilment.³ That the fighters will come to victory together, that profoundest secret of every happy love, is no more possible at the outset than a perfect piano and violin duet at the first rehearsal. Herein lies the cause of many tragedies of first love.

For just as the baring of bodies can be followed by disappointment which no prior surveyal has foreseen, so can the character of the chosen one bare itself cruelly in a single phrase, in a single word.⁴ Till now, both have made an effort to appear lovable, tender, unselfish. And they really were so. All their glandular secretions have in-

creased and intensified their desires, to the end that they might, as language significantly puts it, "possess" one another.¹¹ But now her formerly daring or veiled eyes may turn to him with the revealing clarity of an appeased animal. Moment of greatest danger, for on it hangs the outcome: whether this desire, having achieved its climax, will increase to a passion in the grand style and of long duration, or whether it will slide back onto the plane of every-day life.¹² Only the next morning can one recognize the quality, here as with wine.

Although giving and taking have blended in this scene, the roles of the sexes as differentiated by language are contrary to the actuality in nature:¹³ while all the world speaks of the woman's surrender, it is obviously the man that surrenders.¹⁴ The manner in which he sleeps on her breast shows, in a deeper sense, the half maternal mission of the mistress! And yet she too flees to the protection of the man whom she has just protected, for it is she that the more often begs with words or looks "Love me", while he confesses, "I love you". This fluctuation of the most delicate vibrations, comparable to the Greek systole and diastole, defies presentation by words; it is expressed only in music.

The Latin proverb that all beings are sad after union is true of ninety-nine couples, but it is the hundredth that tells the tale. More often in such a situation, it is the man that disappoints the woman; she disappoints him only if she was in reality a cocotte through whose game he had not seen. A whirl of emotions, questioning, resistance, then

spins the two souls about exactly at the moment in which, for the first time after the perils of the love-combat, they may rest. Persons that leave one another immediately afterwards are lost as lovers; but then it is well that they part immediately and forever. But those that look long and silently into one another's eyes feel now as at no moment before the rightness of their choice: they approach a grand passion. This is the great test. Having surrendered their personal selves when they gave themselves to the other, they now return to their own natures as to familiar clothes; they compare themselves with tranquillized senses; they surprise, they select one another anew: enchanting moments that each divines in the other but holds in a happy silence.

Of course, he can also run away. Percy protests, in Shakespeare, when his wife tries to keep him after they have been making love. And the splendid Ares whom Titian painted in the same mood runs off with his hounds to hunt, while the deeply shaken, naked goddess stretches her arms after him. Immortal scenes! Do they signify that the man remains the victor after all? Only at times, if he is very young and as stupid as that divine hunter. There are reports of the opposite, too. Yet the insatiable Delilah, hovering over the exhausted Samson, strikes us as repulsive, while the fleeing Ares seems gay—in spite of the fact that Nature favors this state of the eternally thirsting woman. For only she, not the man, is capable of an endless sequence of embraces.

Therefore, too, the question is futile as to which sex derives the fuller enjoyment from love. For here it is as it is with happiness: no method can teach happiness, because it depends upon the nature of the seeker. The wise Bias, who pretended to have been a woman for several years and then claimed that the enjoyment of a woman is nine times as great as that of a man, certainly must have been a fraud. There are sensual women whose cries of love betray a fierce lust unattainable to the man, and there are young men who become half crazy in the arms of frigid demi-virgins who remain clear-headed and within themselves sneer cynically at their lovers. The so-called frigid woman, the delight of neurologists, exists as seldom as does the somber man who never laughs. There are merely more lonely, more complex, perhaps prouder beings, who make no effort to move towards the joys of sex but, in accord with their own natures, desire to be conquered. But then, of course, there are, in actuality, not two victors. In other provinces of life, likewise, there are always persons that do not want to conquer: they are called effeminate, but they exist among men, too.

Is this, then perversion? But what is perversion in love? The eagerness of our epoch to study everything "abnormal", the delight of the public in digging into all that is morbid, the cunning of authors in their presentations of it to their readers, have enlarged the field of the abnormal so much that no longer can one point out the transition line. It is with this as with wealth: he that is considered

poor in rich circles is deemed a Croesus among the poor. The subtle delineations that are the perfection of love may be, on one level, called refinement: one more step, and you find the label, perversion.

Why ask a doctor, instead of questioning one's own natural feelings? Everyone feels that love between brother and sister is possible, sometimes enchanting, but that love between mother and son is unnatural and horrible. The Greek legends, in which the gods enjoy human lives of heroic dimensions, demonstrate that first kind of love unblushingly; and ancient kings have held their dynasties together by marrying two Pharaoh children before the eyes of the entire world. One must be an Englishman to exile a genius for the reason that he has once loved his sister. Sexual love of a son and his mother, however, was avoided by gods and men alike and, if it did come to pass, unfailingly led to tragedy. Before our times came to exalt this confusion, to cloak it with literary titles, before it was dragged into the bright light of day, the sleeping "Oedipus complex" disturbed no one's life; no one roused it from the slumberous depths and, by pouring light upon it, made this disease of the soul fascinating. If today it stirs and flares in decadent bodies, if some men out of a thousand natural possibilities choose only this infamous one, then they deserve to perish together with their doctors. The writers should emphatically bring this public discussion to an end, because it has in it neither science nor cure; it is a sign of slippery, darksome souls, who feel forced to

give a loathsome significance even to the enchanting visions of a Leonardo. Professors that know nothing of love should be forbidden to use the name of Eros.

In the sphere of love, the Negress has meant to a few white men an unforgettable discovery. But after all, the mixing of two races can upset only such people as know nothing of love, researchers in race problems, for instance, whose teachings are reduced to absurdity every night by a thousand lovers of different races all over the earth. One step farther, and we have before us the excitement of certain women aroused by the Morocco leather boots of an elegant rider, the long black coat of a priest, or the cello between the knees of a musician. Or we hear of the sexual excitement into which some men fall at the sight of the love play of two cocottes, or into which a poet works himself while elaborating an erotic scene. On the long road, too, that may lead from the love of a woman to the love of a boy, everything depends on the individual character, on the meeting of kindred natures, on the climate, on the mood of an evening, on a long unquenched thirst, on the interpretation of a tender gesture wherewith even normal men may fall in love with a boy, or truly feminine women with each other, for a night, without thereby becoming 'lesbians'.

In our time, since privacy ceased to exist, since anything and everything has been unendingly printed and illustrated for all to see, our youth, free in sexual matters, as always happens in revolutions, has fallen in love with it-

self. The new generation constantly looks into a mirror, flirts on every side, finds itself most interesting when pale, suffering, schizophrenic. This excess, which might be forgiven laymen, has driven physicians and authors to a cult of the abnormal which they, pretending to seek its cure, in truth only foster, spread, and instead of ridiculing present as a more refined fashion of wholesome love.

Since all this has been constantly reported since the time of the Egyptians, the desire for and emphasis upon such deviations reveals itself today only as a decadence of the so-called upper classes. Even at orchid exhibitions, one will find elegant ladies who, real connoisseurs, can spout the Latin names, though out in the fields they could not distinguish wheat and rye.

Of course, connoisseurs of love, as couples, will seek all its variations, as soon as they have learned the main theme by heart; but from this to the anaemic and bloodless worship of the unnatural, is a long way down into the muck. If youth starts on that way, it deprives itself of its most glorious moments. The young man who today, because of fashion, reading, or snobbishness, takes the homosexual course, cheats himself of half the gifts of life, precisely as does the young friar who must subdue his natural urges, yet whose imagination constantly revolves about the forms of women.

VII

The full joyous exploration of an unknown body is, among the myriads who have known love, bestowed upon only a few. Sports have, in the past score of years, changed the picture and meaning of love for youth. How much more beautiful it has made them! The ever-present spectacle of both sexes, which during the summer time, see one another almost naked in public, makes beauty a duty and a habit. The tandem on which a young, slim couple, half-naked, cycle down a road; the automobile along the hard seashore while on the running board, leaning against the half circle of the fender, lies the sweetheart of the young man who drives so slowly and steers so carefully that her overhanging leg draws a tracing in the sand: such pictures of erotic beauty even the Greeks did not enjoy in this full freshness. The sultry atmosphere of ateliers, of conservatories, has disappeared for the young generation; Wagnerism is no more.

But beauty fashions only a part of love. The love of a man that is rooted only in the adoration of beauty, has never lasted long. It has always been overcast by darkened moments. When Goethe met the most beautiful woman of his time and saw how she, and all his friends, waited for word of approval, he expressed his admiration, but he remarked later, how difficult it must be "to be always like butter in the sun". In large measure, perfect beauty in a woman has even an estranging effect, like a cloak that

comes between her and surrender. For a man in love does not really notice beauty; he sees only charm. Because she feels that she is a precious vessel, the classic beauty is reluctant to be filled. And if she lives wholly for her beauty, then her lover must fire her with the power of his imagination, that her tautness may relax. Men of imagination will prefer, of two sisters, the more charming to the more beautiful. In literature, a flawless beauty never marks the heroine; the gloriously beautiful Helen was surely full of esprit.

Faust and Helena, the heroic example of union between spirit and beauty, strike, despite all the glamour that glows about them, a note of warning, particularly to the artist. Seldom indeed have such resplendent beings found, chosen, and for any long time remained with one another. Only when the beauty of a woman shines from within and reveals a part of that spirit which comes to her of itself, can she be spiritualized by the love of a man; only if the idea of beauty is inborn in him, can his spirit lose itself in the beauty of his beloved. That is why Mephistopheles calls Faust a super-sensual yet sensual wooer. The philosopher or the statesman who leads a female beauty on a leash beside him, like an elegant whippet, will soon become ridiculous in the eyes of the world and in his own.

Today, as in wealth and in education, so also in beauty, the higher level for all has taken the place of the glorious exception; while the classic beauty lives high and largely wastes herself away in motion pictures, the crowd has become more beautiful. If, however, our eyes today are

delighted on the beach as never in centuries before, this heightened beauty of the body has not raised the art and the enjoyment of love in our time. Public nudity and enlightenment, unrestrained light, have banished that secrecy which is the primary attribute of love. Even though young folks, after their days of sport and evenings at bars, after sunny hours on skis and on the water, after their abrupt erotic dances, may not sleep together in the same room, they nevertheless think it perfectly natural to tell each other impossible stories with faces as unexpressive as iron.

And yet, this generation has taken the crucial step in love; rather, it has received the great gift of our era. The liberation of girls is perhaps the most significant revolution of the past hundred years, much more important than woman suffrage. Centuries seem to lie between the circumstances and the rights of two girls of 1900 and two girls of 1940. Doesn't it sound like a fantastic fairytale when we recall the times of our youth; for example, the effort of the bride's sister to cover the bride's absence without the groom's noticing her physiological needs. Thirty years later, the daughters of those two sisters drive out alone with their boy friends for a week-end in the country.

Of this revolution, the children of which they are, young people can read only in the literature that troubled their fathers. All those problems, in the works of Ibsen and Zola, as also in operas like "Traviata" and "Louise", defending the rights of passion against the dogmas of family

EXIT THE VIRGIN

and society, have faded away because the dogmas themselves have collapsed. The institution of the virgin, which has so aroused poets and judges, fathers of families in all civilized lands from the times of knighthood to the times of our own youth, has vanished, now that every girl has become the guardian of her own sex. Perhaps some Negro tribes are wiser in that the chieftain gives the virgin over to a slave, that he himself may be spared the inane rite. Virgins of such pride and such fierceness that they would give themselves only to their conqueror in battle, and to him only after weeks of siege, are—shall we say?—quite rare in our time. Out of the maddest of all love combats, that of the Nymph Thetis with the mortal Peleus (who in the end carried off the palm), sprang the greatest of all heroes, Achilles. The biting, scratching, shouting type of an Atalanta will probably be found today only in the passionate huntress: she transfers her predatory and destructive instincts; and if the man but knows how to take this dangerous game, then he enjoys the most exciting hunt of his life.

Otherwise, however, the virgin has lost all magic. Youthful spectators today turn away from Wagner's operas when a mature and interesting woman appears right next to a blue-eyed innocent virgin; while in our youth, Elsa and Elisabeth were the ideals with the singing of whose arias we tried to confuse the girls.

The tragi-comedy of a wedding belongs almost entirely to the past. As long as it was felt religiously and as far as

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it is so felt today, it has the poetic charm of a ritual; it summons the spirit of the ancient sacrifice of the pure virgin, rather than of a feast of joy. Since such thoughts are things of the past, since going to church has, with millions of people, sunk to a duty exercised twice a year in memory of their fathers, a wedding forthwith becomes a piece of nonsense at which the many false notes are drowned out by meaningless laughter and speeches, by champagne and fireworks. What is more immoral than to expose a young girl before the eyes of all, pointing out that she will shortly go to bed with the man sitting impatiently beside her: a bomb timed to explode at a set hour! The sudden departure, the change from wedding to traveling dress, the embarrassed kisses of the brothers, lead finally to a sleeping car or a hotel room. Only the English, who at least send their newly-wedded couples to the country instead of on a trip, show in this respect a certain compassion for the convicted.

This contract for life between two physically untested people—for such is the formula of marriage—will be forbidden by the future lawmaker, as immoral; just as one would not take on a long trip to the Pole, anyone who has never lived amid mountain snow. A trial marriage for five years, as proposed by Goethe, might temper these dangers.

If, today, the young girl makes her decisions about herself just as does the young man, she can properly do so only in full knowledge of the biological processes and in

possession of what she deems the essential contraceptives. The loss in romanticism is compensated for, by the chance to do the right thing. For very few women, are born to the desire, even as girls, to want a child and not a man; most of them want to know, not maternity, but love. Inasmuch as they have the same right to it as the young man, they pay back Nature, for her deception, in her own coin. If Nature invented desire in order to force all beings, from the golden pheasant up, and down, to bring forth their kind, it has now been fooled by the shrewdness of men as, until now, it has fooled them. Only a few inveterate aesthetes are shocked by the few brief movements that will prevent the senseless consequences of an adventure, yes, even of a passion. For passion never requires, at least during the playing of its first magnificent chords, the variation of the Child: in all the world, it wants nothing but the Lover.

This freedom of the woman herself to determine the consequences of her love is absolutely new. Previously the privilege of only a few rich women, it has but now come within the grasp of all. No attempt of a state to destroy this right can ever again for any length of time be successful. The church alone, today, can still rule by moral precepts; to destroy the church would be to deprive millions of a form of happiness that is essential to them. But she that is not a believer, in the catechistical sense, must not be forbidden by the state either contraception or abortion. The fact that a woman's body belongs to her alone, this

great attainment of our century, can not be shaken any more; the communists try in vain to veer back to the past century.

This achievement will also be abused. Together with its dangers and secrets, love may lose its charms. For many, it already has. But just as the automobile does not prevent anyone from hiking, and thus seeing the countryside in detail, so there will always be connoisseurs that will take the leisurely pathways back into the secrets of love.

VIII

A secret love is more easily kept alive than one bound by law. The consciousness of the forbidden gives the lovers a feeling of superiority over the evil world, and the old conflict between duty and inclination serves but to strengthen their love. How often do we hear of a second marriage into which a man is forced while up to that time he had been a real lover. That Marquis, who for years used to go to his sweetheart's every afternoon: when his wife died, he was asked whether he was going to marry his mistress, and refused, remarking: "Where then should I then spend my afternoons?" The secret rendezvous, the General Delivery letters, the messages conveyed by the eyes of a helpful friend, the pride in outwitting those around, gives to a love a *brio* that would hardly survive full freedom. Letters alone can suffice to keep a secret love vibrant, even to increase it; but of course they must.

be written with charm. That art, which extends from a dash to a funny design, from a word omitted or a *double entendre* to the climax of the deepest tones of the heart, will move the reader by its freedom from self-consciousness, or excite her by its daring. It gives to the lover such an abundance of insights into the being of the beloved as no conversation can give;" for often the lips of a woman keep a secret that her pen may dare to reveal." Not only the desires but also the doubts, doubts of oneself even more than of the lover, often find expression in letters. No wonder, therefore, that some very busy man will eagerly look through his mail every morning to find the familiar color of an envelope, the handwriting of his loved one; and when it is found, let it first, sometimes with a slow, sometimes with a hasty motion, disappear in the inner pocket of his coat.

On the other hand, everything is endangered when the rendezvous is invariably accompanied with physical intimacy. Couples that, every time they meet secretly, possess each other because this is the symbol of their secrecy, may fall into a sort of routine repetition and thus decline into a danger that need not be caused even by marriage. If the relationship between two people finds expression only in the bedroom, there may leap from it sudden loathing; generally, it ends badly.

The dream of young lovers has always been an idyll of undisturbed love, which will exclude both spectators and conventions. In reality, however, life in the country is the

utmost test of a love, a test that is seldom passed. Lovers from the city, who in the days of their first discovery pass a farmhouse with a flowering garden, see in this the ideal refuge in which to live entirely for their emotions. But in that freedom, unlimited by time and space, the depth and duration of love is determined in a purer manner than among the piquant inhibitions of the social stir. Life here, without children, without duties, without work from morning to evening, between nights of love, requires for its enduring a unity of man and woman that must be a marvelous mingling of passion and good taste, of emotion and thought.

If, in that stage, the love-combat of the bodies begins to gain tranquillity, the psychic factors come to the fore, much stronger: now is the time to prove whether the two lives are really flowing as one. After the first raptures that a true and healthy choice has inspired, all the moments of discord rise up, viewpoints and habits stand starkly forth; the burden of a past that was only seemingly banished and forgotten, again takes on its weight. The lovers are put to their first test of tolerance, flexibility, good taste. This begins with the simple requirements of food, and reaches as far as preferences in works of art. It extends from the way in which one is accustomed to pushing back one's plate, from the way in which one folds one's newspaper, holds a match, picks up a dry leaf, to the soft murmuring of a prayer at night, to the superstition that one's shoes have to be placed in a certain way at night,

and in no other, to ward off bad luck.

To counter or to conflict with characteristics of a person that are as sacred as a birthmark is to drive a sword through the inner being of the loved one. The early observation of such daily habits, with curiosity, then comparison, then criticism, will note the preference for certain persons of one's circle, one's opinions of men of public interest, one's thoughts about God, and catch upon the problem of the color of a sweater, the vinegar in the salad, the style of a travelling coat. How can persons that have reached the age of thirty or forty before meeting, avoid these frictions?

Through tolerance and a sense of humor. Out of that, even greater tolerance for the nature of the other will grow. If the lover notices that his way of whistling irritates her; if the loving woman observes that he cannot bear her lipstick, their considerateness in such trivialities is much more important than an identity of opinion about the immortality of the soul. If, during a walk, he tries to keep step with her, and she doesn't stop trotting; if she first peels his whole apple and then divides it into four sections; if she places her things on seven different chairs and then goes about looking for them, then only a smiling understanding can induce the most affectionate lover to put up with such things.

But if a woman makes the mistake of stubbornly foregoing dainty lingerie because she wants "to be loved for her own sake", then in the long run she will lose the game

to the intriguing woman. Great crises that will rise to a climax, perhaps years later, can in the first instance be avoided if circumspection and care take heed of those slight gestures that, on the seismograph of emotions, forecast great earthquakes.

This nurturing of a young love must come from both parties; it must arise from the mind as much as from the heart. Frenchmen, the most sensitive connoisseurs of love, have set the table as one of its ingredients. Although there is naught uglier than people eating, nevertheless, since Babylonian times, men have taken it for granted that not wine only but food as well is a stimulus to love. A loving couple, with appeased senses but hungry, may sit at table and, after the last course, be fresh enough to renew the course of their love-making.

In the same way loving couples in all periods have attended the opera and the ballet, and now the motion pictures, not only because it is dark. When the fancy of the lovers, wrapped up in themselves, seeks expressions of love in the voices of the singers and in the body of the dancers, it is astounding how much more the man gets from this than the woman. Seldom does the tenor affect her with excitement. It is the adolescent girl, not the enamoured woman, that the voice of the tenor makes swoon. And while her lover has before him the most beautiful of female bodies, with which he naturally compares the beloved woman beside him, she but seldom rouses to see men dancers. She enjoys the ballet nevertheless, because it al-

ways portrays that physical love in which she hopes soon again to be submerged.

The fact that sport has an opposite effect is shown by this generation, which has achieved for itself freedom of movement and with that, freedom in love: young people have not become bolder, but rather cooler. This is the result not merely of physical fatigue, but also of the constant half-naked living together, which makes these young folk more sensible than their years. Especially in competition, sport makes people entirely un-erotic; then they do everything in order to preserve their strength, they squander none of it, they often live for weeks in the strictest "training". One hears from boxers, football players, horseback riders, cyclists, that they avoid any sexual contacts throughout their season. In contrast, seldom has a poet written a sonnet when he was sexually repressed, and probably the love-potent Rubens, Titian, or Renoir, never painted their hundreds of female nudes save in a state of full release. Thus the paradox arises that love, a physical act, is much more strongly excited by spiritual associations of the sexes, by thoughts and words, than by associations on the physical plane.

IX

Nothing characterizes nations more distinctly than their forms of music and love. In the former the Germans, in the latter the French excel. Paris is the only city in the

world where a man may kiss a woman on the street without somebody's smiling or turning around. Because, from style to government, Paris is ruled by its women. Paris has also determined the history of Western love; the literature of this one city has shaped the tastes and forms of love, even to its great tragedies. Everything is so pre-tasted and prescribed that even beauty holds a lesser place than the toilette; one hardly ever says of a woman that she is beautiful, but only that she is "*jolie*". In Paris, where one is astonished at nothing, an unspeakable story can be told when ladies are present, because it is told in all simplicity and without asterisks. Manners, as well as language, are so refined that anything can happen, yet nothing seems to have taken place.

That is why one never sees a woman blush in Paris. In Spain and Italy, where passion still holds the same position as love, where in love everything is called beautiful, everything passionate, and bold women still blush: there men still become moody; they still shoot one another, stab one another to death—and this not only in society, but also among the common people. Tragedy has been developed by these nations to such heights as only comedy in France; and southern music, as well, portrays the passionate forms in which they cultivate love.

In the north, love becomes romantic. In the German *lieder* and poems, longing is elevated above fulfilment. Love unattainable is celebrated; but most beautifully of all, unhappy love. The romantic desire to dream rather

than to enjoy, exclusively Nordic, born of the foggy mists, has made the love of the north poetic and unreal. But inasmuch as men there know desire no less than anywhere else, tension forms between reality and ideals. Sullen resentment often takes the place of simple natural urges; that is why the Nordic poets so often speak of "the distress of sex", an idea that would make a man tanned in the Mediterranean sun burst into laughter. Dehmel placed at the beginning of a poem the burlesque verse:

Aber die Liebe is das Trübe.

"Love is Woe". That is why in German love, as in all else German, tradition has ceased; anarchy is free to develop. In this the English woman resembles the German, only that she is less tender; she is cleverer but at the same time puritanically inhibited: in the midst of her most intimate relations she remembers that such words as "pants" and "belly" must not be spoken.

The American woman is quite inexpert on love, because the ideals of her country are motion, success, progress. All three of these are heterogeneous, contrary to the unified unfolding of love.

The Frenchman is the greatest artist of love because he pursues ideals exactly opposite: quietness, a retired life, equanimity. If you have to drive for thirty sightseeing miles, in order to love, you will not have left the time and concentration that it requires. If one must live before the eyes of the public, if one has to have one's photograph taken all the time, to eat lunch in the car, to take the radio

along, the moments when you are in the mood for love cannot develop, cannot lead from the initial tenderness to the passionate moments of love.

For several summers I have watched many loving pairs and married couples on the shores of California, most of them good-looking, almost naked folk. Their erotic feelings were killed by the fact that they lay motionless, trying to get tanned, or they rubbed their skin with oil and simultaneously performed three actions: eating ice cream, reading a magazine and drowsily listening to the radio. In France, the same couples would not meet among hundreds of others on a public beach, but would look for some hidden bay.

Maybe they too will eat and drink, but by no means will they read, and listen to bad music. At home, perhaps, they will play some love song on the piano or the phonograph; but all will depend on the lighting, on secrecy, on finesse. The ignorance of *ars amandi* among the Americans manifests itself in the mere fact that the American woman is the only woman in the world that constantly wears spectacles in public even if she is young and charming. By this, she completely destroys her outward appearance, otherwise cultivated in the initial hours of a flirtation, without the faintest notion of her failure. This period between striving and abandonment, when the finest impulses and desires develop through the hours of a social game, is by this fact alone aesthetically thrown over.

Finally, the genuine art of love is strange to the Amer-

ican, because he is not familiar with death. In European poetry, in a dozen tongues, death is always linked to love. He that denies death, as does the American; he that deceives even the dead by painting his face, cannot understand the full features of love, the sister of death.

The Orientals, who differ from the Occidentals in love more than in all other matters, by shutting away their women have retained an autocratic and one-sided regime that in the West had already been broken down in the Middle Ages. Behind their veils and harem windows, Oriental women, wherever they exist as such in our century, lead a life of such powerlessness and isolation that they can give themselves almost entirely to love, and even more to jealousy. In those sultry, semi-darkened rooms, overflowing with pillows, where the never freshened air seems to stand still, love has been developed to such art as has not come to us even in their books.¹ A true pasha's idea of love, with all the lotions, fragrances, and nude dances of the Orient, has the same relation to our idea of love as a dictator's idea of power to the methods of democracy: more submission, emotionalism, over-refinement, less sense of irony and gaiety.²

One's profession influences the art of love, not only in its exercise, but as an advance indication of temperament. How could a watchmaker fail to have more delicate hands, to direct more delicate glances at women, than a butcher? Yet certain women prefer just this kind of man, whom they consider strong, though he is only crude. The

warrior that in ancient times always appeared beside the corpse of his conquered enemy, the triumphant victor that led kings in chains, was always successful with women. Even today, the hunter that brings in half a dozen dead pheasants makes an impression on the most delicate, peace-loving woman: a foretaste of masculine strength arises within her.

On the other hand, one will find vegetarian women more often in the company of weak men, because any kind of fanaticism, just because it is fanaticism, makes persons cold to sensual experience. A woman that believes in nourishment solely through vegetables and is thus very strongly preoccupied with her own health, instead of seeking the most beautiful lover, who may have grown strong upon God knows what, feels drawn to a narrow-shouldered man who, perhaps because of his weak stomach, is afraid of meat; these emotions are transferred to the sphere of love. Thus fanatics on the subject of race see neither how ugly they are in themselves, nor how unfit they are to immortalize themselves in children.

Among the professions of the bourgeois world, the physician has always come closest to the problems of love. From the Persian poems through Dr. Faustus, to the rain-makers in Central Africa and the doctors for neurotic sufferers in the white capitals, the physician slips by imperceptible degrees from the role of healer to the role of lover. Today, when divorce is even more interesting to women than their hysteriae, the lawyer has begun to take

the place of the physician.

The matter-of-factness with which a woman exposes her body to a physician of an age and physique to be her lover, barely covers the tension in them both. His experience has by no means blunted him, if she is his type; and the bespectacled seriousness with which he taps her heart, changes nothing in the consciousness of both that in reality something impossible is here taking place.

But if her skin was marred by disease, then after the cure, the doctor needs a certain distance in imagination and time in order that later, under more favorable circumstances, he may fall in love with her. Obstetricians, in order not to become cynics, must be noble characters, but such characters hardly become obstetricians.

On the other hand, the nurse excites the sick man even more, by the simple touch of her hands. For now he, the more aggressive by nature, is the sufferer; while the one usually courted, the woman, is at the same time the one taking the action; a paradoxical relationship arises. In time of war the situation becomes tragi-comic, for then the nurses are not only the nearest but indeed the only women anywhere around.

Physicians have at all times well understood artists, because both are in reality magicians. Through their magic they are superior to the common men, even if they feel themselves to be but craftsmen. They meet on common ground of love, and that is why they are so much desired by women—and so seldom imitated by them.

For, while a woman painter or poet is, by this expression of her emotions, rather drawn away from love, the male artist, through his visions in all spheres, comes closer to love, and involves himself more and more. The woman is richer in love and poorer in art than the man. Her artistic work, of doubtful value, draws her away from her instinctive art—love.

Even as an actress—in the only art that brings a woman to the heights of men—her imagination is so absorbed by her performance that her passion to expose herself on the stage satisfies her much more often than a romantic public imagines. After a great role, in which she has exhausted herself, she will have little inclination toward love. This is true to some extent of the actor as well; a tenor will make love much sooner after performance than an actor. But if a man and a woman play a loving couple on the stage, then they both fall into laughter and cynicism when in the wings; later, in their street clothes, they meet each other with jokes about love. Nothing is more harmful to love than to enact it.

X

If love springs from the physical and constantly renews itself therein, friendship is based entirely on the psychical. Therefore, in its highest degrees, friendship is rarer than love.

Or may it not be easier for a man to make inner dedi-

cation of himself to another man than to a woman? Attractions, hazards, background, are more limited, the climate is milder. Because friendship is the only relationship between men that has no articulate beginning—often also no tangible end: it is comfortable to call somebody a friend with whom one has spent a few pleasant evenings; Frenchmen think nothing of saying "*Cher ami*" at the third meeting; Spaniards write it in the second letter. Everyone remembers with which glance and kiss love started; friendship is cemented with a warmer handshake. Nobody knows exactly when he first left off the word "Mister". Inasmuch as definite physical indications are lacking, nobody is quite sure on what level of intimacy he abides; friendship is thus always vague and undecided.

Everywhere friendship comes into contrast with love. Particularly is this true among women, where friendship is less frequent because they live more intimately with love than do men. The greatest connoisseurs of love have cultivated, at the same time, famous friendships; but great friendships among women are rare indeed. That is why women are also more discreet about intimacies than men, who, over a glass of wine, not only lie about their "heroic" performances, but — which is much worse — give confidences about their actual conquests. "Every woman," Goethe writes, "excludes, by her nature, every other . . . Man requires a man; he would create another if there were none. A woman could live for an eternity without wishing to produce another like her."

A great friendship is comparable only to a great marriage. Inasmuch, however, as it does not produce sensual ecstasies, it represents, in reality, the highest comfort that men, without desire for joy, can assure each other in slowly increasing degree for life. The pure spirituality of friendship makes almost superfluous that actual constant presence which is, after all, the basic element of love. As a matter of fact, friendship matures better at a distance, because then every letter, written or received, makes for a gala hour. Then the rare visit of a friend is a celebration at which the harmony of souls is felt on a lofty plane.

Inasmuch as friendship knows no physical seal, no symbolic form of contract, as does love, it is the more uncertain but also the more free. If true friends, after years of intimacy, sit over a glass of wine and ask one another when their affinity became clear, they will name different, perhaps widely separated, periods. Their critical periods, also, are less evident, often not known to one of the two, hence the more easily smoothed out. Only when, in the heart of one, a third has suddenly and obviously taken the place of the second, only in such jealousy can emotions arise that resemble those of love.

It is the reservations, difficult to maintain in love, that make friendship possible; because friendship, like the moon, always turns but one part of its surface to the central warmth-shedding ideal around which it revolves. He that loves with reservations, in the long run cheats both himself and the beloved; he that is a friend without reser-

vations, loses a friend. The stamping of one self upon another, and at the same time the penetration of another being, this basic desire of every passion, would destroy friendship. With consciousness, consideration, and art it reserves a part of the entire being, holds it back, in order to keep counsel with and to enjoy the friend in their provinces of mutual sympathy and likeness.

If such a friendship starts in childhood, it carries with it fewer dangers, but also few surprises: if the kindred natures meet late, then usually a higher but briefer friendship arises, hampered perhaps, to boot, by ties of love and marriage. Most beautiful is the friendship between brother and sister who, after long separation, recognize each other again on the circuitous paths of life and intimately and ironically draw forth from their common youth so many memories that, between laughing and crying, they forget the distance that has come between their present states. The fact that such a friendship, too, is disturbed, often made impossible, by the antagonisms of their respective spouses is no coincidence, but rather the expression of the deep difference that prevails in their characters and became evident at the time of their choices.

Thus love shows itself everywhere an enemy of friendship, because it must be all-embracing and is therefore all-demanding. Even friendship between parents and children, which, with a great deal of tact, might be possible, generally ends with the love affairs of the children, even though the parents do not oppose them. Not without

danger to itself as to the others, the new element steps into the unfamiliar circle; and if for a while all goes well, some day the dissimilarity in blood and personality of a woman who can become creative only in her love of her lover, but not in her friendship with his mother, will suddenly flash to explosion.

He that has been given those two goods by the gods, take care, for they have been but lent to him.

Can there be a true friendship between members of the opposite sexes who have not previously belonged to one another in love? At the best, if they are separated by a generation, when the fatherly friend, the motherly friend, set the relationship of counsellor, guard, or guide. But vigorous men and women who are both at an age for mature love, will try in vain, despite reason or nobility, to live with each other as friends, without any under-currents. That is also what makes a warm relationship between four persons, between two couples in love, exceedingly rare: it calls for the highest tact; it demands spells of self-sacrifice.

For with unbanishable curiosity, a man and a woman gravitate around each other as sexual beings, at the very moment when their souls, their spirits, have opened to one another in friendship and confidence: each feels that, despite all, the incomparable pledge of physical surrender is missing. In such a situation, only the charm or the experience of a courageous woman can establish a balance; yet this can never be guaranteed, and thereby the charm

is increased.

Such spiritual friendship between two unusual beings provides the thrill of a couple swinging beneath a circus top, delighting us and at the same time filling us with constant fear that they may fall.

Men and women that do not purposely distance themselves from one another out of consideration for the other's spouse, manifestly must look upon one another, despite all friendship, as sexed beings. One evening, they will suddenly be seized by accumulated curiosity, by the natural desire to possess one another; then fights, reproaches, tensions, a sudden separation will come about, which will prove the impossibility of their original intention. Even if a prior, entirely dead love has in smiling assurance shifted to friendship, some day, perhaps after many years, a spark may none the less arise from the ashes.

XI

And what is hatred? Does it really belong in the gallery of love?

Hatred can be developed, as can love. It may grow through ever accumulating proofs of selfishness, of the enmity of another. If the bitterness of one man against another can slowly increase to deep-felt hatred, if two women can learn to hate one another without jealousy, such instances have nothing to do with love, even indirectly. The motives are involved, the reasons are

worldly; disappointment and revenge follow upon each other from a hundred human emotions.

Only when hatred appears without reason and at first sight, does it belong with love, which in its purest forms does the same. Exactly as with love, it is a physical process, and the elementary bases of it are of a physical nature. Who has not had the experience of a door's opening, with a person of the same sex coming in, who immediately repulsed him, seemed even to elicit a direct antagonism? This first decisive impression that we receive from a person for no manifest reason antipathetic to us, emanates from his physical self and is, therefore, received first by our senses. These seldom err. We are seldom compelled to a complete revision of this first impression.

Because we notice at one and the same time an unknown face and its expression, simultaneously physiognomy and movement, more is decided in the first minute of a meeting than can be changed subsequently in many a long month; just as a child, in its first year of life, learns more than in any other to follow.

There he enters, the stranger, of whom we know nothing, perhaps not even his name—and already he is our enemy. He has done nothing to us; perhaps he comes with friendly intentions. But there is his tall, gaunt figure, the form of his head, his crooked nose, there is the piercing look behind his spectacles, the manner in which his shoulders droop, in which he raises his arm a little stiffly to a greeting, a hesitant word in a rough voice; in addi-

tion, his smile of embarrassment—and he is marked as an enemy. Or perhaps he is short, round, and pink, with a shining bald head, gay little eyes, and a joking word on his lips; then he is the enemy of someone else, entirely different from the first one, but who saw him enter at the same time.

For nothing in the world, no culture, no opinion, no interest, divides or binds men with such clear-cut force as does the physical self. To this self, a profoundly akin, or a profoundly alien, character immediately becomes clear; no trick whatever can gainsay this instant recognition. People that trust these first, simple signs given by nature will be deceived much less often than those clever people that collect the various expressions of a character and seek to construct a picture.

If this first impression is decisively negative, then a hatred is established that stems from deeper sources than one derived from enmity, because it is unfounded, because it is God-given and therefore ineradicable. It can be found often between members of different races, even between highly educated representatives of hostile classes; it can be found between two artists who need only to look into each other's eyes to be convinced of the irreconcilable nature of their work, as that of the one seems to exclude, to deny, that of the other.

Only in one large field such an initial hatred cannot come to pass: one will never find this first, naturally rising hatred in its pure form, between persons of different

sex. A man that on his entrance fills a woman with this first groundless antipathy, possesses at the same time a secret element of attraction for that woman which she will try in vain to suppress. Or a man sees an unknown woman pass him by on the street, a woman whose body is entirely opposite to the type of which he has dreamt, or which he has experienced, whose dress repulses him, whose perfume offends him. And yet, in the malevolent look that he casts after her, because she has upset his mood, there will still be a vestige of loathful desire. He may not recognize it, but he would like to conquer this enemy to avenge himself on her existence by a sort of humiliation.

From these two layers of emotion, from this dangerous juxtaposition of hatred and love between the sexes, comes the explanation of the sudden change that makes so many love stories, real or in fiction, end in tragedy. The deep, secret enmity that despite everything sleeps between the sexes, awakens after years of self-surrender, after years even of friendship; it can, within sudden minutes, lead to threats, can carry the most peaceful man out of himself to murder. In all probability, the most basic bonds between love and death, which have betrayed themselves in no more than a sigh after a night's self-surrender, are hidden here. And now, many years later, they break in the bright light of day, through the insanity of a hand raising a pistol. One may call the palpable motive jealousy, but this is mere accident. It dwells deep within the powers of darkness. No one denies the tragic world whence

these powers rise; only one can search them out, nurse them, exalt them, or one can fight them every day within and around oneself. One can love the storm, yet long for the azure sky. Our picture of the world stems not from events but from our will.

XII

In three shapes, love steps out of its natural forms: in renunciation, in jealousy, and in exaggeration.

The happiest people have been found among those that renounce. The two great examples with which our own youth was familiar, represent two different forms. Goethe, who in love much more often renounced than conquered, secured for himself, at least after his fortieth year, a haven of storm-free love to which he could sail back time and time again. This was the woman whom he loved; and in holding fast to her, later marrying her, this man with the most complex of nervous systems, at the same time showed a vigor in living without which he could never have thus lived and thus created. And yet in his youth, and again at a late age, he cruelly renounced and once was nearly destroyed. Beethoven, who always renounced, who apparently experienced physical love only in an accidental, crude form, rose through his kingly emotions to the highest ecstasies when he perpetuated his love in an adagio. He was aware of this and only in weak moments did he envy the young men that took the pretty girls away

from him. Both geniuses were, in the final analysis, no worse off than Schiller and Mozart who loved so much.

The balanced total of emotions is no different, in an unknown man that all his life has followed the shadow—or shall I say the light?—of a woman that is denied him. In living with his dreams, he is able to maintain, to exalt, the ideal without fear of set-backs. The deception in which his imagination fondly wraps him, shelters him from the disappointment that reality would coldly thrust upon him. Diaries, as well as novels, tell us of the imaginary love-lives of lonely men whose tenderness is lavished in hours of waiting for a carriage, in seconds of kissing a hand.

Goethe expressed the happiness of these renunciations in the words: "The love with which another man is being loved appears almost more charming to me than the one with which I might be loved; I see the power, the force of a beautiful heart, without my self-love disturbing this pure sight."

A woman is much more shaken by such a renouncing love. Bound by nature and custom to expect the first step from the man, she can give him no sign, or she may find that he misinterprets its significance. As natural as the futile courting of a man appears to her, so bitter is the futility when it is her own. As gracious as a woman, in mere sympathy, can seem, when she is just friendly to a man that has chosen her; so humiliating appears any accorded sympathy on the part of the man whom she

adores. The smile of a cool, victorious lady is charming and natural; that of a cool, victorious man outrages a woman, thus confuses him. We feel that the man should always remain the suitor, the woman always the one that grants the suit.

Renunciatory love can be imposed upon every one, it can be borne by everyone; unhappy love, only by weak natures. Everything that uplifts a person in renunciation humiliates him in unhappy love. For what does that word mean? I love and I court a person that doesn't like me.

Werther, a man who renounced, represents exactly the opposite of the unhappy lover, because his love is returned; only his beloved's sense of duty stands in the way of their living together. However, because she cannot free herself from an earlier promise to her betrothed—and only because of this, for Werther himself would without hesitation wrong him—life palls on Werther and he gives himself the solace of death. But even this motive is not pure; it is intermixed with impulses of thwarted ambition, a circumstance which Napoleon, a great judge of men, first recognized in Goethe's novel.

The unhappy lover, on the other hand, becomes melancholy and a suicide, because the person whom he has chosen does not like him at all. No man has ever killed himself only because the woman of his choice denied herself to him physically; but many a man has taken his life who was definitely repulsed by her, thus deeply injured in his self-love. His suicide is just as unworthy of admira-

tion as the surrender of a woman who, without loving him, wants to save him. All this can happen only to weak natures, whose self-assurance does not ride safely at anchor, and can therefore be wrecked by the opinion of the world. That is why unhappy love arouses sympathy only in weak natures that, like the lover himself, are not equal to their fate.

With the emotion of renunciation, jealousy may dwell, increased a thousand-fold; for only when it seizes upon a person that once was loved, does it rage as a genuine element. Only one that has possessed knows what has been taken away. Many emotions fuse in the yellow-red fire of jealousy: desire, envy, vanity, revenge; they all seethe together to poison the lover's heart. Who at such moments can be philosopher enough to analyze in calm, decide what part of the guilt is his? Hasn't he for years ignored the more delicate desires of the woman? Did he not hold her off, in moods of perversity or self-love, until she began to yield to the courting of another?

But now he throws all the guilt upon her. At the same time, he tries in all possible ways to belittle the appearance of his rival, his clothes, manners, abilities. While he sees himself robbed of a love that upheld him more strongly than he knew, it never occurs to him to establish a lower valuation of himself, from which alone he might come to explain her preference for another man. His proper play would be to surrender the woman and himself, taking what each day allows; he might even cloak

himself in superior silence, whether in society, or even to her, and thus not too early betray his knowledge of her withdrawal. But as he sees her preference for another man, he feels humiliated as a sexual being; through painful nights he imagines capabilities in the other man that in reality have nothing at all to do with the woman's choice.

Yet behind this jealousy there is hidden a feeling of relationship that Goethe put in these words: "Jealousy is a divination of the other's chosen affinity with still another."

But this the man refuses to hear or to believe. In his jealousy, he asks about neither the spirit nor the genius of his rival, who has set a new mark for his own abilities: he asks about his masculinity, and suffers most of all when he imagines in him youthful powers that he himself can no longer attain. Hamilton, as he listens behind the door to the love moans of his wife with her lover Nelson, does nothing more than what any other man in his position would like to do. Very few possess the superiority of Voltaire who, while still in his forties, found his mistress in the arms of one of his young students and chid him only for his lack of discretion.

The betrayed woman suffers even more. Because she feels deserted, even in her own house, she sees her position changing every hour of the day, the man drifting farther and farther away. In long hours of brooding, summoning the image of the other woman, she tries to discover in her some secret finesse, some secret powers in

love, which if only snatched away, or in herself surpassed, would bring back everything she once possessed. Somberly she recalls all the sacrifices that throughout the years she has made for the man; she droops in melancholy at the thought that some flesh but a little younger, a little pinker, some skin but a little smoother and more pliant than her own, can make the man forget all those memories of the heart and the soul that should have bound him to her for the future forever.

Because, generally speaking, a woman knows better how to hate, because she cannot avenge herself with a weapon, she will with innate cunning know better how to hurt her rival, how to bring her into disrepute. And yet by doing so, she moves again in precisely the wrong direction. In Cleopatra who hears of Anthony's wedding in Rome, Shakespeare has portrayed all jealous women in love.

Exaggeration in love also leads to the obscuring of its purposes and to the inhibiting of enjoyment. Don Juan is the eternal example; Faust is akin.

Such men are rare today; because in order to play the one, one must be rich; the other, wise; for both, one must have leisure. The insecurity of possessions and the pursuit of money make a Don Juan life most unlikely today; and as far as world-wide wisdom is concerned, it is made difficult by our specialization, which renders rare indeed Faust's passion of spirit. Also, a Don Juan of today lacks company; for without the bragging, without the reeling off of his long, detailed enumerations before other noblemen

whose records he thus is shown to surpass, he has little interest in love. In addition, the hasty tempo of our age drives even a philanderer (the Don Juan in miniature) on and on, and prevents any leisurely conquest.

Finally, our day is marked by a leveling of types, by the desire of women to conform to the type prescribed by style, to resemble one another, that draws the zest from the experiments of a Don Juan. For, after all, who nowadays seeks the ideal?

It is sought after, perhaps, by the woman, who in the midst of our automotive, radio life tries to salvage that part of her dream which among men is preserved only by the artist. That is why today the imaginings of women accord with those of the artists, from whom they expect more devotion, more understanding, more time. The female Don Juan, however, the woman who continually seeks after men, has at all times had less evocative power than the male Don Juan. Ninon is charming, because she never sought, but was always discovered; she remained with one lover for years and excelled really in finding the secret of retaining her hold to a great age.

Casanova was able to maintain the legend built around his character much more forcefully than Don Juan who is envired, and not only in Mozart, with tragic accents. Only Casanova's lack of discrimination, his eagerness to be a collector of women, in which he imitates Don Juan, degrades him. He never has the cooler periods during which others practice control; he always burns with a

tropical heat; he resembles an enormous eater who, although a gourmet, is nonetheless ready for a square meal three times a day.

And yet this greatest of all artists in love has survived all his adventures and even his exaggerations; he seems, whenever his mere name is mentioned, to enter the door in one of his moments and costumes.

His secret lies in the complete naiveté with which he came to love. Although he is vain as any cavalier, full of lies as any author, unfaithful as any adventurer, despite all this he comes to love with full freshness each new day because love really is his life. He knows that love is first physics and only afterward metaphysics; he knows that the whiteness of the skin, the fulness of the lips, the tenderness of the hands, the smallness of the feet, are determining factors in the delight, the strength, the duration of love. He knows that love is a contest; he has never, like Don Juan, obscured it to a philosophy.

No one else, not any of the erotic poets from Ovid to Baudelaire, no painter from Cranach to Fragonard, has possessed the cynical innocence with which this enchanting ne'er-do-well has been able to depict his love life.

XIII

If we want fully to comprehend the recent change in ideas about love, we need only to compare our problems with those that Stendhal raised in his thoughtfully stimu-

lating book, "*De l'Amour*". In his demand for freedom for girls and women, he is utterly modern, but the tales of his own adventures and those of his friends impress us as an already faded tapestry. Profoundly as he understood the nature of the emotions of love, that firmly he was bound by the requirements of his social world. What has changed between 1840 and 1940, in the accepted social basis of love?

In the first place, the social structure. This was still influenced by the court and nobility, although neither ruled any longer. This society, which today continues to live only in the delusions of a few hundred marquis and lords who believe that they represent "the world" as their forbears did, is just strong enough at the court of Buckingham Palace to exclude a man from the position of ambassador if he has happened to marry a divorced woman; its prejudices were strong enough, but a few years ago, to deny the Crown to such a man, so that Edward VIII won the moral victory as the world's last great gentleman. But whereas Stendhal adorns most of his examples with names of great families, because only their morality and immorality held symbolic power, today we have only the motion pictures, and the dispossessed son of a king.

The man in power, who at one time basked in the sun of his love affairs, whose exaltation or downfall was brought about through women, lives today apart from love. Nobody seriously tells any stories about the amours

of the dictators; they have neither the time nor the imagination; and the little marquise who was the mistress of a French minister of state, and in reality no marquise at all, was known even in Paris to only a small circle of high-brow salons. While at one time the opinion of society was able to nip an affair in the bud, or to help it grow, so that vanity and ambition were behind half of all love affairs, and none ventured unpunished to despise the opinion of society, today, in the period of democratic equalization, choice is perfectly free, and only a few film or sport stars seek to rouse the curiosity of the public by their erotic adventures, for the sake of publicity.

In addition, technology has taken the advantage of mobility from the rich and noble families and has given to the bourgeoisie the possibility of changing location at any time. In reality, the automobile has become the liberator of women. Even in our childhood a fiancé could squire his secret fiancée for three years without a kiss. Even around 1900, it was impossible for a girl to go to the theatre alone with her betrothed. Today, a girl may travel alone anywhere with a man to whom she is not engaged, may even, symbolically, take the steering wheel herself—may kiss any strange man she likes. The longed-for solitude, which formerly only in Alpine pastures brought together the shepherd and the farm girl, is today available to all. Every man can call on the telephone the one he loves, if need be, across the ocean, just to hear her voice; every woman can reach her lover rapidly, by plane. Neither

money nor rank is now necessary for enterprises of love.

Another factor that earlier influenced the cultivation of love, literature, with characters whose natures and fates one strove to emulate, no longer exists as a means of educating the heart. The place of Werther, of Abelard, who were constantly envisioned by Stendhal's lovers, has been taken by no modern love hero; only banal motion pictures hurry by, leaving no particular examples even if only because they change every week. Today, books move young people to become conspirators, technicians, or detectives, but they teach nothing about love.

But even that is not necessary. Love teaches itself by other means. Formerly, a soldier had around him an aura, the rays of which attracted women. Today, however, when more men are soldiers than have ever before been in uniform, perhaps only the reputation of a courageous submarine commander has an effect on the imagination of women. But the masculine ambition to please women has also brought about major accomplishments; without this form of persuasion to love, many great deeds and works would have remained in the lap of the gods.

Here, too, the greater vanity of men manifests itself. The woman will overlook the wrinkles of her lover, if only he is still potent; she is proud if he is superior to others in spirit, wit, education. The man, because she is his woman, wants her beauty to be admired, while his smile and the expression of his eyes tell the other men: "I alone am the preferred one, to sleep on this beautiful bosom." Who

was it that established the dogma that in a couple, the woman must be beautiful, the man, brilliant? Is an ugly face more bearable because it belongs to a man? Can a spirited face be ugly? Do not the features of a woman that is not beautiful become attractive if wit and spiritual courage are mirrored in them? Moreover, mere beauty will easily fatigue in love; but "the spirit that molds its body" can make a woman desirable even if only through the cleverness of her defense. The union of two beautiful bodies, of course, represents the classic form of love; only it generally proves as tedious as the sculptures of Canova.

In former times the heroes, from Menelaus to Ivanhoe, fought in order to please their ladies, even those that had run off, and those still unknown. Today, the attention of women centers on the winners of ski jumps or automobile races with less fervor than on the winners of the Nobel prize. But now the woman herself is ranged among those whom the man must conquer, because now for the first time in history she competes with him. New emotions hover between ambition and love; desires in young hearts flounder from eager conquest to glad submission—lovers and rivals on the separate planes. These contests end sometimes in laughter, sometimes in hate.

For those things that most have extended the bases of love, the equalization of the girl with the woman, and of the woman with the man, have in our day liberated love from prejudice and bondage, but at the same time have robbed it of a few precious things, which have disappeared

together with the prohibitions.

A man who in former times gave himself to a love affair ran only a small risk; the woman risked all. Today, neither risks anything he or she does not wish to stake. The former right of parents to decide their daughter's marriage; threats of the church; resolves until one's majority is attained; the shame of an illegitimate child; all these acted together, fifty years ago, to hold a girl in a position similar to that of the Oriental women. Hence elopements and scandals were the frequent theme of novels. Today, suicide for love arouses interest in the movies, mirror of our customs, only if it takes place in the costumes of an olden time; scandals lead to universal applause for the adventuress; elopements as of old would be ridiculous because a father can no longer forbid and society no longer damn a woman that takes a lover or leaves her husband or fiancé.

Those men that in former times spoke to women only of things from which women were excluded, such as cavalry attacks, election campaigns, the adventurers of couriers, no longer impress their listeners. Instead of embroidering, painting, playing the piano, women have meanwhile learned to lie under an automobile to tighten a bolt; they delight us, semi-naked, balanced on a board; they let themselves be drawn through the waves while their boyfriends steer the motor boat to which the ropes are tied. The woman that, in former times, started her day by drinking a hot chocolate in her lace covered bed, begins it today with exercises in a bathing suit, and a cold shower.

When, from erotic caprice, short hair became the style for all, the signal was given; men surrendered their last point of predominance, and even in love yielded their position and their freedom to the woman.

Fifty years ago, a woman's love always began on the defensive, always within the sphere of modesty, with caution and hesitation, so that, even without coquettishness, she let the man courting her wait. She drew out, she increased, the dalliant suspense for weeks; the utmost that Stendhal might dare as a stimulus to love was a fast waltz. Today, the slow, gliding step of the modern dance gives the man and woman an opportunity to say what they want; almost, already, to receive what they want. With the darkened bar-rooms of our times, there are no longer any sleepless nights, no longer any days full of dreams; questioning, expectation, doubt, have hardly the effect of delaying; everything can be won immediately if both desire it. As a consequence, the easy prize, close at hand, is less worth the taking. The poem, the song, yes, even the magnificent word of love, is avoided; pet names are chosen humorously; a daisy with torn off petals would arouse derisive laughter.

Everything is done so that there be no emotionalism whatsoever in love.

XIV

Marriage, one of the most dangerous experiments in love, need not mean its end; but it is difficult to escape its dangers.

Here is a problem that at first seems insoluble: a fierce fire is to be mellowed to a gentle light. How can the first, free, fresh choice hold true through all the seasons of life? How can the mood of a walk through a young birch forest on an April morning be sustained through the whole hot summer, through the cool clear fall, on into the leafless winter? Isn't it in itself a sufficient test of patience that in our latitude the individual is exposed to the ups and downs of the thermometer, every year? And now a couple of human beings, born of different nationalities and classes, reared with different ties and prejudices, at first united by nothing but that secret attraction of the sexes—now such a couple is supposed to stand together through all the coincidences and adventures of an entire lifetime! Marriage as an institution resembles the theatre, inasmuch as both try to force an enterprise, wholly of the imagination, into a middle class orderliness, with hours and duties, rights and prohibitions; thence springs the perennial fight between producer and actor, between husband and wife.

Is it not, therefore, better, one might conclude, to marry according to the dictates of reason, after calculating all the contributing circumstances, rather putting aside sex than logic? Is not a consideration that adds up the two fortunes

or yearly incomes, and also the characteristics and hobbies of both parties, a more likely foundation for a better marriage? So far as the blood is concerned, all elements will fall into line; and in the long run, it is health that is most important for the pleasing of each other as sexual beings, perhaps even for the begetting of children. Haven't more marriages based on reason worked out than those based on passion? Should not more hours of our lives be regulated by reason than by love? Night is the time of sleep; day, the master of life.

Against all this, true as it is, only personal preference can be urged. Do the couple prefer to use their powers for a neatly ordered life, in which both shall seek to bear together the troubles and distractions of a useful state of being; or do they desire to cultivate within themselves an enlarged existence, a higher sense of human being, even if this holds greater dangers? When, in a marriage, intercourse becomes a habit, like a meal or a week-end, the couple's lives can proceed more peacefully than when the union is ruled by the continually alive consciousness that the two partners are of different sexes. But that first couple will never come to know the profoundest elements of life, for they have shied away from its first full brilliance. The state, which is interested in the median level of its citizens and not in the extremes, will therefore favor a marriage based on reason.

For the fact that the state does intervene, the fact that in our lives the paths of these two most widely different

powers, the state and love, do in this way cross: this necessity makes marriage, as an idea, impossible and absurd. If true believers confess to their priest after such a serious decision, then there is a harmony in the custom: the one to whom I confess should be the one to bless me. But when a wedding license clerk, or a mayor, reads off a routine formula and thereupon declares that the young lady sitting before him is, from tonight on, to obey every demand of the young man beside her, then in such a formula humanity is insulted. The most generous action between two people, the greatest gift which one can make the other, a surrender whose intimacy has nothing in common with any other relationship between men, is being allowed, nay, commanded by the most impersonal patron possible, by the state, as represented by this petty and grouchy official. Properly, he should be limited to the setting down of certain monetary requirements, and security for the children, as social order demands.

For, in final analysis, the only thing new that marriage creates between lovers amounts merely to the advertising of a secret. A hundred times they have felt that they belonged to each other, but this was cherished between the two of them, perhaps shared with a few bosom friends. All of a sudden, merely because she has taken his name, they enter a hotel, they are shown into one room instead of two; a servant, a friend, introduces them together; the moment arrives when the woman says to persons unknown to her, pointing to the man: "My husband".

This violation of a secret changes the entire inner situation. The fact that people enter a room as "Mr. and Mrs.," that they expose their faces and bodies, in close juxtaposition to each other, to the glances of strangers, with the attendant admission that they love and belong to one another: this bold action has lost its terrible seriousness only through lack of thought. If it is already a boldness, of which only a few are conscious, to step before a world of strangers with bared faces, and thus to give the outer world sight of one's own being—which otherwise one tries to veil in a hundred phrases; how much more does it signify when, in the company of others, persons appear in couples, address one another intimately amidst strangers, and even, in public, kiss. Only habit makes it tolerable that young people who, but a short time ago, kept their passion secret from all the world, should speak of the child they expect, should expose to the whole world, as if it were no longer their secret treasure, everything that once had filled them with lofty emotion.

What a custom! A tentative choice, hinged upon impalpables, stemming from the imagination and the will, is by decree hardened to a permanent state of being. A hundred daily frictions, sprung out of anything, lateness, a wrong telephone number, an argument about someone's character, are to be endured. Wherein lies the magic word?

One short word, one syllable, contains the whole remedy, which will make possible married life. It is tact.

Tact embraces everything that implies both tolerance and good taste. Tact alone can soften the transition between everyday life and the hours of intensified emotions, can maintain the equilibrium between two different temperaments. Marriage resembles a play by Shakespeare in which prose and poetry interchange, one following suddenly upon the other. To keep step, maintain the same rhythm, conform with the change that the other institutes or suggests, is an art that can be achieved by self-renunciation, that is, by one form of love. If each of the two is willing to conform to the other, as was their mutual impulse in the early days of their love, then this dual tact of two hearts will preserve the union.

But now, particularly in strong natures, the demanding "I" rises and seeks, either wholly or in one aspect of their being, to conquer the other. The self-confidence of both persons, strengthened by the year-long habit of looking critically upon one another, rises again and gives the love combat of the early period a new significance. A famous or passionate woman will now begin to take revenge for the name she voluntarily relinquished, for the secret that was torn from her; in such a manner that she sets her will, her taste, her knowledge, that she sets her personality, against that of the loved man, whom she tries to remold. The man, on the other hand, perhaps more frightened than bolstered in his self-confidence by his wife's successes, will try to give authority to his less brilliant showing in life's constant struggle, and will seek to mold her further

to his will.

Such harrying—which may take place on the eagle heights of spiritual struggle, or in the undergrowth of planning meals, or indeed often in both at the same time—can be settled only by tact. Yes, tact is a form of marital love. It embodies a certain indulgence, a certain sense of humor, and it shows its practicality when the man learns to tolerate her way of putting her shoes down in an uneven line, or she, to tolerate his careless way of drawing the curtains. Above all, however, the tact of the heart alone can bring about a reconciliation at night, after an argument, so subtly that the bed does not suddenly become a harbor of hatred. For more marriages have been wrecked because of reconciliations through intercourse than because of an anger that lasted several days.

Here, too, the task lies primarily with the man, and in it he fails the more often. Of course a woman too may be responsible for the shattering of a marriage, but she is never guilty alone; a man can ruin a marriage all by himself, without any guilt on the part of the woman. The manner in which he tells her a sexy joke may suffice to awaken doubts in her as to his character; the borderline between intimate and common manners is but a hair's breadth. During the crescendo of inducements to surrender, a man may tactfully tell piquant stories to heighten the woman's arousal, but he must never afterwards abuse the graciousness of the woman he loves by dishing out a dirty joke. The mere intonation of laughter can, at such a

moment, make a woman's heart decide on the breaking off of a love marriage still aborning. Because the man, like the golden pheasant, is predestined by nature to do the courting, he should also lead in the difficult fluctuations of marital love. It is incumbent upon him, at certain hours, to treat his wife as still his mistress: only then can she grant him accordant ways.

In addition to this, in most marriages two factors arise that have nothing at all to do with love as a phenomenon, and yet are decisive: money, and children.

Inasmuch as both parties do not contribute or do not earn, the same amount of money, an attitude of moral superiority is liable to develop within the richer one; seldom can this be wholly wiped away. On the whole, the best way out would be that both parties earn money and become partners in the common enterprise of their marriage. But this prosaic solution would rob the woman of the feeling that she is being pampered, a feeling in which she would like to indulge and in which the man would like her to indulge.

If the woman remains home, alone or with company, from nine o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night, if she knows nothing of her husband's work except his general field, and perhaps the size of his bank account at the end of the year, then even the most smooth-running marriage is, in the long run, endangered. Sooner or later the man will notice that a clever assistant in his laboratory may have beautiful breasts which it might be interesting to

behold. Those intelligent society geese who smooth away the so-called wrinkles on their husbands' foreheads, who share their week-end with him, and now and again a tilt at love, remain in the rank and file of lovers far behind the competent and healthy farm women who, of course, seldom outgrow a lifelong dullness.

In contrast, the woman who as a confidante always follows her husband's enterprises, who lives with his plans, thinks through his problems, even if otherwise she is rather absent-minded—such a woman can at the same time retain that personal magnetism which a clever woman lets flow from the spiritual over into the erotic, and which her husband will acknowledge as a form of feminine charm. Of course, the man, likewise, should not maintain the middle class partitioning of home and business; he should take an interest in the household: a husband that doesn't notice a new vase or tablecloth is no better than the little goose that is supposed to cheer him up. But if, during the evening, he has discussed with his wife the problem of his new representative in Canada, or of an addition to his weaving plant, then half an hour later he will approach her with more deeply felt warmth than if she had lain on a couch the evening long, in a movie star pose, flipping the pages of a smart magazine.

From the woman's role of confidante and adviser, there has at times developed the most beautiful form of marriage: the woman, loved by a fiery, striving creative man, transformed to a motherly friend; even the form of her

surrender has thus made him younger, as it were. Michelangelo has repeatedly represented this mature type of woman, whose lover seems almost her son. Only the crude perversity of the psychoanalysis can see in these refined forms of love his "repressed" desire for a union with his real mother.

On the whole, a marriage of the wealthy is more hazardous than among the poor. By themselves, money and the state, these antipodes to love, these two great prozers of life, have no use for romantic secrets, for imagination and madness. They must therefore stand in opposition to individual choice in love, that is to say, they tend to buy it. The age-old contempt for women that can be bought has not abated even in this era of money; money takes all the splendor from even the most beautiful, most sensual woman chosen, even if the gold transforms itself into yachts and fur coats. The rich business man will never be so sure of the genuine affection of his mistress as is the poor artist; the Duke will be less sure than the violinist; least sure of all, the producer before whom every girl trembles. It takes great character to love from heart to heart, despite power and money; and seldom is such character associated with these two seducers in the material life.

Their peril grows even worse, with marriage. Struggle, misfortune, failure, bring people who have begun in love with one another far more closely together than the never-ending desire for greater pearls, more horsepower, more celebrities, who will increase the aristocratic boredom

of the house. Above everything else, a woman living in luxury needs great character not to seek a lover out of sheer boredom; while one in distress finds herself more easily and thus doubly wins the man's affection.

Children, who make marriage easier, who indeed make the continuance of many marriages possible, are today much less wished for than, say, but fifty or a hundred years ago. Formerly, both the farmer and the squire wanted to rear hands or heads for themselves, so as to be unburdened in their later life; but in the equalized industrial state this desire has lost a part of its meaning, in an epoch when it is difficult to pass on an estate. Today, economic worries warn men against having many children; contraception gives them the means. In the next century, perhaps even before, the policy of peaceful states will be directed towards a reduction of the number of citizens instead of their absurd increase: not the bachelors, but the fathers of three or more children, will be taxed. If then, only a very few kings and factory owners today require inheritors of their position and life work; if at the same time any cook has it in her power to prevent their coming, why are there still so many children begotten?

Seldom through religious feeling, with which no one should interfere, or because of "woman's instinct"—which is by no means innate in all the sex. More women than men today want no children at all. But the woman more than the man is impelled by the conventional notion that one must have children to create a happy family; also,

she is driven by the desire to show her friends of what she is capable. Finally, the recognition that love is fading arouses a fear of living alone with one and the same man, always alone with him; although at the beginning, precisely this had been her burning desire. As much as children determine the outward aspect and attitude of most families, just so little they have to do with the love between their parents. While the noise and the burden most often falls upon the mother, and the father is more occupied with the expense, neither of them is likely often to be seized by the feeling that here is a great miracle. The emotions and thoughts evoked by children are much too different from those that before them the self-confined, twofold union held.

The more children there are, the more the first love fades behind the gaudy, noisy, and demanding institution that soon, with its own life, overruns that of its begetter. In a great union, such as that between Faust and Helena, or such as a few artists have enjoyed in our day, children have never played a dominant role. From two great people, seldom do there spring important heirs; and because they promise to be lesser than their parents, they cannot increase their parents' love. The rare exception, precious fruit of such a couple, is of course the most beautiful gift that the gods could add unto them.

The reason given for marriage, that a family background for children must be ensured, is today completely offset by the freedom of the woman, and the "family trees"

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of the next century will become less and less sure a guarantee. But even at the time when the constraints were greatest, this legalized superciliousness was sneered at by Shakespeare, who has Gloster's Bastard exclaim the immortal words of them

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to th' creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake. . .
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

And yet it is only great unions that immortalize love; the very few who lived it, know it. They alone bear it along from the days of brown locks to the hours of white hair, even unto the time when the pate is bald. The painter who time and again chooses his mistress as his model gives perhaps the most beautiful but also the rarest symbol of a great marriage. Here their first contest of the sexes is perpetuated, the impression and influence of the woman remain physical. Saskia, Helen Fourment, Cecilia, express bodily in their portraits, in broad daylight and before all the world, what ardor they bore in nights of love to Rembrandt, Rubens, Giorgione. Only in this, the most sensual of all arts, do beauty and love breathe exactly as when they are taken into possession by the healthy, sensuous man.

In other arts, the woman as Muse becomes, instead, whatever the poet or musician sees in her. Seldom indeed

do we find the physical beauty of a woman in the novels of her lover, but the soul which she gave him, which she meant to him, is everywhere reflected in his writings. Her influence and worth may be crucial, even where her presence is not immediately manifest. By her acquiescence in Goethe's sensual desires for twenty years, Christiane as a perfect mistress gave him that balance without which he would never have been able to work. Other poets have been wrecked on the will of their mistresses. The art of love, the surrender of a woman to the creative lover, remain largely unseen; and yet they are more important than her mission as a mother.

Her influence as a confidante is more obvious. Kings and dictators, ministers of state, physicians, manufacturers, attorneys, insofar as they have chosen from a full heart without vanity or lust of money, will be able to consult their wives at every decisive step of their careers, because there is no wiser friend than a loving, intelligent woman. Since she combines criticism and affection, since she is sailing in the same boat with him and is interested in his success from every human motive, she can with the alert instinct of a woman, give surest counsel on the judgments of other men, on his partners, superiors, or employees, on questions that he himself, amidst the daily hustle and bustle, would be unable to decide.

The dangers are also obvious. If a woman spurs on the ambition of an artist or inventor, to raise his standing in the world or swell his bank account, then she has drawn

him away from the finest potential achievements of his talents. But often she has also roused him from his laziness, pacified his enemies, rendered easier the conditions of his work. In such a role, George Sand, the Countess D'Agoult, Cosima Wagner, are merely better known than a hundred others.

The one thing to be avoided in a high-spirited marriage is following the same occupation. This leads to the ambition of each to surpass the other. Two poets, two virtuosi, have seldom lasted as a happy couple. But if a man sees his wife admired because of her personality, if she sees him victorious before all the world, in a contest, or even only in a discussion, then the great waves of their enlarged dual life beat harmoniously upon the shores of their union. Out of this dual value rises the marvelous up-and-down of spiritual and sensual excitement: ebb and flow. Out of such experiences through decades some sort of legend comes to surround a great marriage, a legend that strengthens the marriage as wars and adventures strengthen a nation.

Even a quarrel cannot, in the long run, shake that form of union. Each of the two persons will try to avoid intimacy at an inopportune moment, will check banal behavior in the other's presence, will divert the other from the quarrel. If she should once, nevertheless, throw an apple angrily to the floor, then he will pick it up, peel it, and with a shrewd smile, present the slices to her.

Is there any more beautiful sight in the world than to

see entering a room two persons in the fulness of their love, whose duality has almost disappeared? In this "almost" lies the charm they spread about them. They must, of course, be of about the same height, so as to stand there like two beautiful animals, simultaneously demi-gods, among the self-conscious folk that seem suddenly to have become their servants. When, later that night, the woman sits before her mirror, he steps behind her, puts his arm around her neck and looks into the same glass, then their souls establish a balance between pride and humility, and they are truly happy.

XV

✓ Monogamy belongs among the Christian prejudices. It is contradicted by Nature, for even the few highly developed animals that live monogamously do so only in certain periods. Perhaps monogamy would be possible on a lonely island. Inasmuch as the free choice made by two people depends on their harmonious flowing together under particular influences and periods, depends, one might even say, on the disposition of the stars, it can go on uninterruptedly as little as a character can always move in the self-same paths. Yet here not one but two characters are in motion; and it is a boon of Fate, if they can adjust themselves to one another, can stimulate one another, through long years.

The everyday marriage in which sex has become a habit

can pass without crises; a great one, never. If even the perennially blue sky on the Upper Nile is darkened from time to time and broken by rain and sand storms, so the most precious union of two happy souls will at times be shaken. Tact, without which no marriage can survive, is, in such crises, aided by another curative, distance.

All attempts on the part of men that imitate Count von Gleichen in the effort to live with two women in the same house, are wrecked by the nature of woman; but attempts on the part of a woman to live with two men at the same time, have failed even more, because of the nature of man. One can look on with a smile while a friend sips the last glass of Chambertin, which indeed one denies to oneself out of sheer affection; but one cannot sit calmly by while a still beloved woman turns to another man, and the same roof shelters all three. The harem, which seems to accomplish the opposite, only confirms this impossibility, through the fatal fights that occur among the jealous women—here where the impossibility would be achieved by force. But everything that is unbearable when close by, becomes tolerable from a distance. A man's imagination, following his wife or mistress up the mountains to where tonight she will meet a new lover, may flare at first to a fury; but in the end it will simmer to a solution, which usually lies somewhere between philosophy and tolerance, between generosity and a sense of humor.

The spirit of our time tempers these difficulties. The

frankness with which the modern woman tells her husband or lover that tomorrow she will go on a trip with another, is a regression in the art of living of our day. On the other hand, the day of the unsheathed sword, the notion that a man's honor has been irreparably injured, is no more. The avenger of lost honor who kills his rival can now be found scarce anywhere save among the common people, and in the south, where he is rightfully acquitted as a hero. For society has grown accustomed to the everyday sight of a man with horns; it no longer deems him ridiculous. Universal tolerance, which has mellowed even to affection, comes in place of man's rights. As we begin to grant to a married woman the same rights as man, for centuries, had reserved to himself, we merely carry farther the freedom to make her own choice that the girl has possessed for but a short time.

But why brag of frankness and companionship, where secrecy would be both more sensible and more sweet? Every husband and every wife that starts on an affair should be given, by a friend, the advice that a lawyer whispers to a thief and murderer: "Admit nothing." He who has been caught still has the time to smile, or to venture a remark such as Goethe uttered at the sight of a couple surprised while embracing: "I have seen it but I don't believe it." It was also Goethe who wrote:

Should you once betray me
And I observe it, I shall pardon you;
But should you come and tell me
I shall for all our days be hard on you.

For that which is possible between vigorous and courageous people—the temporary interruption of a perhaps life-long union—is just the very means of preserving it. Only the repressed desires, the unlived adventures, the dreams denied, establish themselves in the soul as cankers, against which a great love continually frets; hotly consummated love affairs, however, color the blood only for a while and are finally absorbed by it. The dull feeling that sometimes comes over a married couple as they think back on the beginning of their relationship, the sudden hatred that makes them cast evil glances at the once beloved, the mute accusation that one has stolen the other's freedom: all this is the consequence of self-erected restrictions, of misunderstood moral laws, sometimes even of the vow that one took on a certain Sunday in summer, standing before the altar, beside a virgin in white.

In addition, consistent marital faithfulness may burden those that maintain it with a feeling of powerlessness, which lies slumbering beneath their consciousness of duty. On the other hand, an affair strengthens self-assurance and intensifies vigor: a life that increases in enjoyment also increases in danger. The Fascists have not discovered this, they have only misunderstood it.

In a marriage of wide scope, the long lasting passion will sometimes be interrupted by sudden crises, the end of which can not at all be predicted. If such a crisis leads to divorce, then this was unavoidable; but a continued living together after passion has been repressed, or after renun-

DIVORCE

ciation, creates a sense of insecurity that perhaps will never again disappear. And what else does divorce mean than the nullification of that ridiculous act of the state, called marriage? The real divorce, that of the bodies, has already taken place long before, when he or she turned to another and remained. Only the senseless act of exposing the love of two persons to the public makes the second step more difficult, because now people might feel a malicious joy at it.

In itself, a divorce, even including the problems with money and children involved, is easier and less dangerous than getting married. The fact that people, during the time of their love, have begotten children, can by no means force them to spend their days and nights together ~~after their love has died~~. Or do they become more monogamous just because of that? That great pianist who was married and divorced seven or eight times was by far more inclined towards monogamy than are a hundred bourgeois that have not dared to approach so many women, or that have legalized fewer of their affairs.

For monogamy is impossible only if it is suspended as a law over lives. But it is possible throughout many years; yes, it is possible even while a woman is living with two men, or a man is living with two women. It is possible when his or her imagination never confuses the two chosen ones, when they continue to give themselves completely, just as at the time when they loved but one. Unfaithfulness lies only in the imagination of a person, whose fancy

holds him in love with another than the one now held in his arms. Because a woman's life is more nearly filled by imagination, it is she that in this sense more often betrays the man. Every night a thousand women thus betray a thousand men who love them in blissful ignorance. This can lead as far as to the begetting of a child in the image of the envisioned man. There are women that refuse to undergo anaesthesia during an operation, because they are afraid that in their sleep they may speak the name of the man they love. In their dream lies the banal form, the universally accepted polygamy. Ninon was more monogamous than many a businessman's wife who has never had a lover.

Constant turning to the same type in love is another characteristic of the monogamous. One must catch the glance with which a mature and loving woman watches the brother of her lover. Similarly, a connoisseur of love might easily be found falling in love with his wife's sister, because here he finds the type predestined to him by Nature in a variation that doubly attracts him. Such couples of sisters can often be found with artists, who are on the whole less self-conscious in all matters of love than the bourgeois and the men in posts of power; Schiller is the best-known example, a famous Jewish-German scientist seemed to be one of the last.

In the oddest ways, men and women return to their earlier lovers, to create, together, a great marriage. The adventure is over, the sea voyage finished, the heart knows

and the eye has seen that the unknown ones beyond the sea house no other, and by no means more profound, souls than do those at home. The restlessness of the sailor too long at anchor in one port has vanished; a stronger certainty as to his home harbor has taken its place.

Yet never for the last time! The courage on which a great union rests gambles its own happiness over and over again, throughout the varying periods of life. With a constantly renewed daring the man brings important and attractive strangers to his wife, for her to move freely among them. "Toujours un petit doute à calmer, voilà ce qui fait le soif de tous les instants dans l'amour." Desire feeds on doubt. In these ups and downs of a strong attraction which, like the sea, is never at rest, lie the stimuli of a love-match. Every farmer knows that, where the field must nourish the same plant year in and year out, as in grape cultivation, occasional rotation refreshes the soil.

It is also possible that from a crisis, a living together "à trois" might result, if all three employ the subtlest tact, and do not always remain in the same place. He that has enough confidence in himself and his beloved then comes to know the moment when the storms abate and a union of the spirit rises between three mature people. This can grow to a fast friendship. Is the passionate desire for the same woman necessarily a reason to hate or to kill? Yes—for the moment. Later on, that very identity of the direction of desire may reveal a similarity of character not at all limited to the sphere of desire. Thus two women can

be attracted to each other for the reason that they love or have loved the same man. If, then, they do not fall into the error of making confessions, they can very well live together as real friends.

At any rate, it is only a matter of will, whether a man or a woman can retain the vision of all the joys and values of passion, after the separation has come. It is only necessary to be less narrow-minded, less personally conceited, in order, once the fury and the fighting have passed, to preserve creatively the precious hours and years of the one-time union, in a happily erected memory. Only envy and jealousy, only a stubbornness that insists always upon being right, will deny, after a separation, the existence of everything that had been before. Thus Goethe:

‘For a short while she betrayed you;
 ‘Now you see, she was an illusion in fine.”
 ‘What do you know of reality?
 ‘Was she, for all of that, less mine!”

How can men insult themselves in such a manner as to declare of a sudden that the whole thing has been a mistake, their previous choice the misfortune of their lives! Do they not do this only to find some reason for their other failures? Not until the news of the death of the one once beloved comes, can they reestablish a balance—which, before this, life could have made easier for them.

Former times were all too strongly burdened by society, and its demands originating in church and court, when they denied or punished passions by which mature women

LOVE AND DEATH

and men became possessed. Today the disintegration of this society, which deprives us of many good things, can bring us at least the advantages of equalized masses, wherein the individual needs no longer obey a code. Because, everywhere, ties have loosened that formerly impeded free choice in love, man and woman are today more independent; but also, more insecure. Then they resembled statues standing against the wall of a cathedral; today, they race in the stadium and in their play touch the one that pleases them.

XVI

Out of the darkness of the night rise the devoted glances of two lovers, oblivious to the world. In reality, they are suspended between life and death; but this they do not know. Yet when they withdraw from the struggles of men, from the obstacles of a dull world, when they try to preserve for all time the infinite emotion, then they are ready to die.

And yet among the old legends there is none that tells of the death of two that loved, a death of their own free choice, willed because they felt they had reached the utmost limits of human soaring, and they refused to lapse from their heights. What forces them unto death is always an admixture: a sense of being overpowered, and a sense of being weary, an impulse of flight, and a tumult of high rapture. An element must therefore be at work in

THE STREAM OF LOVE

love that seeks to work its way forth, to point out the path that leads from the vouchsafed glimpse of God to the active road of life.

This element may be seen in the creation of new beings, as the stream of love produces whole new generations. It can be seen in the fixed eyes of a woman in ecstasy, in the slight shudder of the surrendering man. It always brushes close to death; it always points the way to life. Dionysus is the name of its guardian god, for it is he that dies on the shortest day, in order soon and forever new to wake again.

To repeat this resurrection countless times is man's destiny uniting him with Nature. The hundred Spring winds beneath which a tree, despite its growing age, becomes ever green anew, are even as those hundred nights of love from which a man and a woman emerge, refreshed, as if they had not felt the wind of the wings of death.

A man of forty walks along the street. His suit is light and elegant, his step elastic, his hat atilt. He hums softly, and as he walks he smiles. As his skin gleams in the wind, as his eye glitters in the sun, as everything about him seems to float, one might prosaically picture him as fresh from a Turkish bath. But no, in the middle of the day, he comes from his mistress; and no one is aware. He surprised her in her dressing gown; she tried to resist him, but he did not draw back. And after, they laughed, over a glass of sherry. And as he stood departing, she flung herself upon him and for a few limitless seconds hung motionless, listening to his heart beat.

Now he is gone, humming softly. Slowly she dresses.
She sees herself in the mirror and smiles.

On Happiness

With surging endeavor
Each thing seeks its complement.
Feeling and seeing
Toward a boundless life are bent.
If these hold fast
As we are onward swirled,
Allah may rest:
We ourselves create the world.
—GOETHE.

It is a pity that the science of happiness belongs to the philosopher; the man of the world and the poet know much better things about it. Most of all, that it cannot be taught. Although people want to become, not wise, but happy, they like once in a while to follow the thinker into the sphere of thought. But when the talk turns around happiness, then they notice that this man with the high forehead is not competent. They find out that the philosopher has constructed out of his own situation a resignation, which, be it bright or gloomy, in any event has its cause in his own being and his own circumstances, though he raise it now as a dogma for all.

Even Epicurus, who had the most profound thoughts about happiness, cannot do better than to recommend calmness, personally dear to him, as the recipe for all; but he overlooks the main point, that is to say, the differences

in human character. He teaches moderation in enjoyment, contempt of ambition, turning from egoistic and to spiritual things. And Socrates, who taught similar thoughts but started from virtue, was clever enough to declare virtue the sole way to personal happiness. All these ways to happiness look like the admonishment of a father who wants to prevent accidents to his children, hence forbids them to ski. But they love to ski.

Now that we agree one cannot teach happiness, considerations concerning it may lead to lighten the burden of virtue.

I

The differences in character are the cause of the emotion of happiness. You may sum up large groups by the colors of their temperament, others by their passions or prejudices, but there will be no repetition of the more delicate aspects and never of the finest. Because these are ~~moods~~ ^{moods}, nobody can scale them. Happiness always represents an aggregate of the soul. Therefore no virtue, nor form of life that can be named, as bringing happiness to everyone. Whoever finds in himself the fewest internal impediments, and in the world the fewest external ones, to his leading his nature to its fulfilment, he is the happiest.

The story of Alexander and Diogenes teaches us that it always depends on the size not on the number. When the

ruler of the world asked what he might do for the philosopher in his barrel, and the latter answered, "Just don't block the sun", the wise beggar is by no means happier than the resplendent king. Both have but chosen the form of life suitable to them; and Diogenes would not have been more clever than his posterity, who applaud him in this scene, if he had despised Alexander, beautiful in his armor.

To be sure there may exist, in such a meeting of different natures, moments of envy. The business man, who travels through the world in his roadster and on his way passes a beautiful farmhouse with its high sunflowers, a sturdy woman shelling beans before its door, and two merry children playing in the garden, may be overcome by the desire to renounce his constant motion and settle down in an idyllic corner to find happiness. And when he takes his right hand from the steering wheel to seek the hand of his girl friend beside him, both may join in the desire to change their life with that of the people in the garden there. The farmer, who has just come home tired out from his fields, and has to hug the fence to dodge the car, will think: There they drive without a worry; that's what I should like for myself. But if these fleeting wishes were to come true, and their fates were exchanged, what a disaster!

Fairytales tell us the stories of princes and paupers, and how they were exchanged. Only that one gooseboy, was sure enough of his own nature to resist those temptations

and to answer, when asked what he would do if he were to become a shining knight: "O! then I'd guard the geese, riding horseback!" Only a few, like this boy, resist the temptations of the world; and if they do, it is usually because a warped will holds them back, so that later they regret it very much. And yet nothing is more harmful to the happy than repentance, because it always wants to undo what has already been done, and that, by its impossibility, drives one melancholy or insane.

In most cases the consciousness of virtue produces emotions of happiness, even when self-righteousness or other forms of cant are hidden beneath. That is why no one harms a man more than he who wishes to take away his life-illusions, and, like certain Russian poets or modern neurologists, excavate from the mines of the human heart the hidden motives, instead of letting them rest in their earthly dark.

When two travellers cross a border, one hoping to smuggle through some Parisian perfume, a present for his wife, and the other following his principles and openly declaring all that he has bought, the first one is by no means happier after having got it through than the other after having paid the duty. If the first boasts, in the train compartment, about how cleverly he got away with it, the other will warm at the thought of his moral deed. In reality he just paid three francs for a comfortable mood. One wanted the elation of a cleverly handled trick; the

other, that of straightforwardness; both of them are happy because they followed their instinct.

Or is by any chance the openhanded spender more happy than the miser? The man that before the arrival of his guests, lays out his box with the best cigars, which he seldom allows himself, receives the same satisfaction from this action, as the man that hides his good cigars and substitutes a cheaper grade.

How can anyone live this way? people may ask when they meet temperaments contrary to their own. What they wish to remark by this is: This man cannot possibly be happy. The pedant whose ties and shirts, writing pads and pencils, cigarettes and liquors have, through yearlong practice, been neatly arranged in orderly fashion will enter the room of a bohemian with a shocked sympathy, his eyes and nose insulted. He does not observe the secret code of disorder, nor the tender joy of the occupant in artistically cultivating the heaps of manuscripts, shaving utensils, biscuits, pictures, ashes: the enjoyment of a constant cultured leisure. And the one at the other pole cannot understand the happiness derived from perfect order, when he repays the visit and sees the pedant finding everything in a few seconds, reaching everything with a few grasps, and finally notices him set a vase neatly in its right place, when leaving it awry would have reconciled the guest just a little.

Or is perchance the misanthrope less happy than the

HAPPY MARTYRS

openharted? To be sure, he is shut out of the emotions of cheerful devotion, which he saw gleaming in the countenance of the expansive one when together they met an acquaintance. But later, he will enjoy the triumph of his mistrust, which had warned him in the beginning to remain reserved and which thus guarded him from the disappointment that made the other one wise too late!

Would the happiness of either of them have been greater, if they had been admonished by a preacher, or by a proverb, not to extend too great confidence, or not to exercise too much caution?

If one of two lovers of animals by his love of free nature is led not to cage a bird, and the other one in his desire for companionship in life builds a birdhouse in his garden, both of them will be happy when they are standing before it: one, because a bluebird will sit on his hand and trustfully pick his food; the other, because he need not bear the responsibility for the creature's confinement.

It was morality that first dimmed these facts. We are taught to admire the martyrs, instead of to recognize that their passion lies precisely in their professions, their happiness in suffering for their ideals. When, in a rapture, he entered the arena of the ancient circus, in firm confidence that in a few moments he would meet his Redeemer in heaven, he was by no means more unhappy than the emperor who enjoyed the spectacle resting comfortably in his imperial easy chair after an opulent dinner, surrounded

by gallant women and submissive men, and yet deprived of half his pleasure at the sight of this dying man by the martyr's unusual firmness before his death.

That is how contrast may subdue or intensify the feeling of happiness. The dramatic and the thinking life, defiance and surrender, Prometheus and Epimetheus: how often do they end their meetings each thanking his stars that he is not like the other!

Only weak natures, confused souls, will constantly desire transformations and exchanges instead of recognizing that we can never take part of the life of another man without losing our balance, and that means our happiness. Wine poured from its glassbottle into a metal bowl will lose its aroma.

Because none of the commodities of happiness is equally valuable to everybody, love and glory, wealth and children, power and honor, some of these most common presents of life are by some despised. Even the three most precious commodities, health, beauty, liberty, are not equally desired by all. We have all seen suffering persons who do not want to be separated from their weakness. We have lived to see that others have destroyed beauty in passion, as when they have mutilated women or razed temples. And as for liberty, we have seen people returning to new dictators, slaves returning to their masters of their own will. The idol of happiness cannot be poured from a mould. Everyone must build his own anew.

II

Even the grades of happiness are not equal; as with its forms, so with its intensity; because happiness is capable of increase. Not only in the form of the enjoyment. The eager man will rise generally to higher enjoyment than the dullard. The heir, thinking only of what's being held for him, has less chance for happiness than the man that must go out and seek his fortune, at least in his youth. Whoever believes that zeal produces an unrest that scares away happiness does not see that the happiness of the zealous rests much more and certainly much longer on this very unrest than on its goal.

Are the feelings of happiness in a white hunter greater than those of the Negro who leads the way to the lion? Scarcely; for both know the ecstasy of listening, searching, hanging back. Both tremble in the thicket when the game can be heard at the expected point, both watch it startle, creep farther on until at length the releasing shot, the howl of the wounded animal, the noise of the jumping Negroes, bring on the bacchic frenzy. But during the banquet, the feeling of joy in the Negro will subside. That of the hunter, however, will increase, as he compares this with other hunts of which he has read, with the conquest of a catlike woman; or as he fancies himself impressing his friend in London with the skin, his friend that still believes him but a weakling.

In such instances, that are still far away from passion, a feeling of happiness will arise even out of the hope of changing the accustomed situation. People may be separated into those that look down to enjoy their relative happiness, and those that look upward to demand still greater things. Out of the will to increased possession of happiness of all kinds, especially non-material, arises such a strength that this willpower alone half guarantees success. As Epicurus says: You may find small joys, but real happiness must be earned.

Some persons attribute great happiness to the secret doings of the innocent man, the fool and the saint, the child and the idiot, a happiness heaven gave them without their effort. In such cases, the joy of the onlooker has been transposed into the heart of the ones beheld. We should ask instead: Is fortune really a virgin in her innocence, or is she a blooming woman who knows love?

III

No, she is not a virgin. Because knowledge or recognition, most of all the knowledge of death, in which I see the decisive difference between man and animal, sets the standard, and determines the feeling of happiness.

Nontransient goods are estimated by the few less highly than bestowed goods by the masses. If the homeric gods had not been so steadily concerned with love, ambition, jealousy, and most of all with the interesting fate of the

FLEETING JOY

mortals below, they would have been awfully bored on Olympus, just as the saints in Paradise. Most marriages demonstrate how dull man becomes by unlimited security of possession. Only those will conserve their happiness that are stirred always by the challenge of a never totally disappearing sense of insecurity.

Only the consciousness of death, which unites the savage and the philosopher and separates both from the cleverest elephant, raises our happiness from a dull perception of well-being to those great emotions that connect us at the same time with supernatural forces. Nobody experiences happy moments without feeling an indebtedness to an invisible force and if in full defiance he would repudiate that force, he but attests the more his mystical excitement. Only if we have recognized the fleeting nature of happiness are we mature enough for its full enjoyment.

A cat lying on a cushion in the sun; a butterfly hovering about a tulip; a bee sucking deep in the calyx of a lily; a boy merrily throwing his ball to the sky; a humming girl, walking through the meadow, swinging her summer hat on a ribbon over her arm: these all are pictures of innocent happiness.

We cannot question the animals, but we meet the boy and the girl again, after twenty years, and we tell them how they looked with the ball, with the hat. They will smile as one will who awakens and is told what he has spoken during the night, in feverish dreams. But if we ask

them about their happy moments, they will describe scenes of their later life.

That is because consciousness grows, out of the half shadows of youth, to steadily increased brightness. Knowledge and zeal, comparison and reflection, and always the shy or manly glance toward man's unsurmountable departure: these build in us the general emotion of happiness, in which we plant the single moments as in a garden. There, when a flower withers, its last fragrance unites with a new one until gradually out of old and new plants a landscape arises. When we discern these odors in the garden of our happiness, then we stand up to our fate.

For this, we need to recognize our own nature. At the lowest level, the primitive knows as much about it as the psychologist. At the higher level, man learns to know his own mechanism, registers his own reactions, knows what to expect from himself. Just as he has noticed by experience what tastes good to his tongue, or what harms his stomach, he learns to look for excitement or to avoid it. Out of this knowledge of his character, his passions, his impulses, his taste and repugnance, but especially out of his weaknesses, everyone constructs his own system of happiness. As Goethe said: "We are not happy in our virtues, but in our faults and weaknesses. Whoever believes he can achieve happiness through the fulfilment of a virtue deceives himself. It is the vanity still within him that summons such a virtue. It must be understood in itself:

but then the feeling of it no longer makes one happy."

This recognition is not reserved for old age alone. Youth, once awakened, analyzes itself at all levels and at all times. The use and the art of soul-analysis were as mature in ancient times as they are to-day. In his later years, however, a man constructs his system more securely and just as he then knows, after abortive attempts, where he fits best, at the sea or at the mountains, in the city or in the country, in society or in retirement, just so will he be able, starting with the slightest actions, to fill his day with more harmonious moments.

What caution, what his waning powers change, is as when blossom falls for the fruit. Very few plants can bear both together. Such privileged persons I should like to call Orange Natures.

As only the awakened spirit shows man what fits his nature, this knowledge makes him able to reestablish the favorable constellation as often as possible. Even this is no trick of old age. Young people, in their first astonishment over the ecstasies of love, want nothing better than the daily eternal repetition; they tremble at any change, as they know only the one form of happiness. Nobody is more pedantic than the young lover.

Only with advanced education may the individual compare his life with that of his ancestors and thus recognize, in the repetition of certain facts, the increased transiency of his own situation. With increased maturity, each im-

pulse of happiness will add a little further zest; correspondingly, the intensity of his feeling will increase his thankfulness for his fortune. Every happiness is a state between radiance and departure. And this consciousness of its transiency makes man more receptive to that which Nature proffers him unasked.

Thus he awakes in the morning with a feeling of happiness to find himself still in good health and in possession of all his powers. What his eyes and his hands grasp may mean on this day the forfeiture of happiness, a forfeit that at any moment can be exacted, in the form of his children, his willpower, his home. Thus he applies himself to his work with increased effort; he will use the strong arm of the artisan, the strong spirit of the artist, as long as fate grants these to him.

If the moralist calls all this virtue, we ourselves should like to call it just happiness, because that would be more worthy of mankind.

IV

To strengthen this consciousness, all means are good, especially the most modern. Man, who gathers many pictures through his years and who may record scenes and voices through motion picture and phonograph, constructs memories of himself that widen his life to a legend, even if he do this only for himself, and it will perish with him.

He is comparable to an artist that prepares constant sketches for a work of art that perhaps will never be completed.

This desire to round out his life in constant relation to the consciousness of death, moved early man as it does ourselves; and when the homeric heroes let sing their deeds before themselves, they no less surged with an increase of their sense of life than we ourselves, when we set down our memoirs. Casanova, who wrote his erotic deeds when old age held him lame in his loins, set them down in order to increase his own sense of fulness, without any intention of entertaining posterity.

Let the individual examine or defend himself in his diary from one day to another, let him cheat or tear the skin off his body, he will always manage to immortalize the present moments and to construct a sequel to them; whereas a regular Don Juan, or a commander in chief, merely stumbles from one haphazard to another. Napoleon, who seldom found time to meditate about himself, achieved such a survey only in exile.

There he talked about the "ballade" of his life. In such consciousness, the happy moments redouble. The tree grows rings and perseveres patiently; man may count his years.

Such a survey of his own conditions at once admonishes the individual to remember the season of his life, and bids him tend his garden properly. If he feels that the

THE HAPPY MOMENT

strength of spring is vanishing, the memoried hold he has upon those happy hours will make him the more amenable to their departure.

He that thinks more and more skeptically about the transitory nature of the whole will but hold the more firmly to his happy times. Goethe, throughout his life, could not overcome his sense of their speeding by. He summoned the instants in his sixteenth year; he scolded them at the same time; and as an octogenarian he found but a loophole in the finale of Faust. When this greatest personality, fully opened to fate, daily gave himself the most exact account of his hours that we know in history, we see him constantly immortalize the moment, to add it finally onto a chain of years.

The bitter but sharp Schopenhauer defined happiness as the absence of feelings of non-joy. But probably life-happiness is something much more positive, that is to say, the sum total of happy moments or only the sum of the happiest moments, even if there were just a few.

He that has forgotten them is like a gambler that daily squanders his winnings. He that remembers them has accumulated wealth in the regions of the soul. Why should he not render account, at every day's end?

Let us imagine the moment before we go to sleep. A myriad persons live over again the pleasant pictures of the day that has come to its end.

The business man's wife thinks: The minister has talked

FALLING ASLEEP

to him for twenty minutes and invited him for to-morrow. Now his career is made. I am so happy!

The banker thinks: If I had cabled one hour later, when the New York Market was down, I'd have made 3000 less.

The pupil thinks: Lucky that I noticed he was squinting toward me, and that I asked to be excused; otherwise I'd have been in a fine fix to-day!

The lover thinks: When I helped her into her coat, she leaned her left shoulder against my hand. Perhaps I shall dream some more.

The gardener thinks: Below freezing point! Thank God, we covered everything to-day!

The patient thinks: No spasm the whole afternoon; that's the first time since Wednesday. Maybe I am getting better now!

The old gentleman thinks: What a break, to get the last twenty bottles of Romanee! Who knows, maybe they won't import any more during the war.

The monk thinks: When I read the breviary the third time a butterfly settled down on the book. May God bless it. Amen.

The poet thinks: In the morning my head was clouded. Now that the moon is rising, everything comes much more easily. There is something of Athena in her profile. Really, what is happiness?

V

Passion is a form of increased happiness. Philosophers

that warn against it may be compared with those gallant ladies that praise virtue once their powers wane. Man in his abundance, and not only the youth, may achieve a great form of happiness without passion only if Nature has made him platonic.

What makes the sage warn against passion, the risk it involves, is precisely what produces the happiness of impassioned men. Happiness with reassurance can be achieved only on Olympus, where the gods could retire to their immortality after each failure. Even the cautious will enjoy his caution, but sometimes he will glance at bolder natures in his environment with that dolefulness which we may feel when, waiting at the goal in our fur coat, we look at the perfect ski jumper gliding between heaven and earth.

It is said that he that avoids passions has no need of repentance. But who has not once been caught by this deadly foe of happiness? And does it not catch the man without passion, as well as the one that has permitted himself everything? A man that, encompassed by children and worries, surprisingly saw a friend of his youth, an elegant bachelor, drop in between two trips, then after half an hour run down the stairs with light steps and wink at him from his waiting car, may then look with measured bitterness at his aging wife, who has just entered the rooms with some bills. But the other one, in his wonderful car down there, will reflect with similar resignation upon the picture, as after dinner the youngest child of his friend

squeezed between the knees of its father and wheedled an apple out of him. "That's what you missed," both men will say. To be afraid of repentance is not a good reason for avoiding passions.

Here too, the force that brings happiness depends upon the alertness of the man. When the speculator has gathered all that, to his hasty nature, meant fortune and later has lost it all again, his memory will renew the picture of the splendid times. While, in his shabby hotelroom, the wallpaper is falling and the still damp bedcloth scarcely covers his faded pajamas, memory makes him once more the king of life, on whose blue-veined-marble steps elegant ladies crowd for the reception and newspapers send their cameramen for pictures. Perhaps this contrast once more strengthens his spirits; he jumps out of bed and hopefully in anticipation enjoys the future.

The driving passions glitter in a shining procession, starting from the desire for money, to vanity, ambition, power; no one has described them better than Balzac.

Money is the most general goal, because this medium of exchange contains the fulfilment of all dreams, which may be made real through its powers. Or it is vanity, fed by the flattery of the parasite, the fear of the subordinate, repetition of one's name amid crowds, which increases the self-esteem before the world; but for fate too, which evidently smiles here at its favorite.

It is happiness in cities that attracts such natures; lonely islands would be their greatest enemy. When such a man cannot display to others what he owns, then it means nothing. That is why he is the antipode of the miser who glues paper to his windows, guards his stocks in an iron safe, and whose emotions of joy will increase at the end of the year, at the moment when he adds to the sum of his wealth another zero to the earlier zeros, in which oval forms he recognizes happiness.

The seeker of happiness in cities mirrors himself in an ecstatic life. He draws happiness out of the envy of his environing world. He even would press an oversmart garment on the quiet beauty of his mistress, as he owns her only in the jealousy of other men.

The greatest social passion, however, is lust for power. Strengthened by the motives of superiority and the creative will and at the same time mixed with vanity, ambition and a desire for vengeance, it basically invites all forms of happiness as far as this is to be had in the outside world.

One should not balance against the high surge of happiness in a dictator, his loneliness and friendlessness, because these are the price, not the voluntary conditions, of power.

If all happiness consists in the fuller development of one's own nature, the powerful man, who controls power not as an heirloom but as the result of his own fanatical quest, has achieved important satisfactions. Within him

the quiet triumph over the last rival, together with the loud victory over the masses, has united with the joy of command and the joy of rebuilding his world; finally, he can now exercise forceful vengeance against those who formerly haughtily crossed him. Surely, if he were to experience nothing more than the daily silent subordination of everybody under his command, that alone would mean the great confirmation of his self-esteem. He feels that providence has rewarded his potent will; when he compares himself with the subdued rival, he says to himself: *fata volentem ducunt*.

We know from contemporary and from ancient history, whether it refer to kings or to armorers, that powerful individuals reached their highest surge of passion in vengeance on their foes. When we balance against them the personality of Caesar, who never exercised vengeance, but forgot the names of his enemies, our full admiration flies to him. But that has nothing to do with their emotions of happiness, because in great souls such emotions rise as well from noble conduct, as else from vengeance cooled with murder or insult. How deeply, and how long, a despot who sees no one above him may enjoy this power, depends only on his ability not to grow dizzy on the heights.

VI

All these hunters of fortune in the world of many stand opposed to those whose passions are directed inwardly: island-men, whose happiness is realized without society, mainly despite society.

The happiness of the Nature lover shines in a mild light, when in the calmness of his mind he inspects, with head tipped high, the structure of a pinetree, or with lowered head follows the weaving of the bracken roots in the underbrush, or when, with pricked ear, he hearkens to the evening call of the blackbird seeking out its young. This most silent of all passions increases to a quiet blessed happiness when, at home, evenings, with his dictionary near by, he tries to examine under the microscope (bought by hard labor out of his savings) the insects and parts of plants that he has brought home.

In some of these explorer souls, the desire for knowledge has increased to a sublime happiness to behold the works of Nature. In others, the exploring tendrils of self-seeking have transformed themselves into the lust for glory. Such emotions are nourished by the experience, that truth finally will out, as with personalities discovered only by posterity. Then the glance of the old scientist under his spectacles goes to his grandchild, who is sighing over his first logarithm, but some day may see his name in shining glory, because his grandparent has set the reckoning of an invisible star.

But the urge toward knowledge is not the highest among the passions, as source of happiness. This is Eros, the prince without a country, on whom all turn their gaze as he passes by. His charm abides in this, that he alone derives his happiness not from taking, but from giving. It starts with friendship, which means, with confidence. This condition of happiness, founded on complete reception and response, not troubled, nor even shortened, by any afterthought, acts without limits and seems capable of being repeated infinitely; it produces an idyllic condition that only death can destroy. But when the ancients praised friendship as the purest form of Eros, it seems to us that here too a retreat from fundamentals has taken place, as Nature with overwhelming voice wants before all other things the love of the sexes. Some rail at Nature as sly and cunning, because love promotes its daemonic drive, its constant concern for new generations, through the illusion of great emotions. As if any condition of happiness could lose aught, be it only a blessed second, without leading to surprising consequences! That is why Nature forbids us the full perception of joy. The perfect image of union is not allowed to us, phantasies are substituted for the memory, and a tissue of emotions of surrender, dream, and comparison immortalize the vanished lust.

When Epicurus advises us to surrender to a desire only when, in a general survey of the situation, it seems that a surplus of joy can be derived, he precludes the delibera-

tion of most men in our times, who live monogamously, though in apprehension. The danger that the aroused desire of man can bring to his health, commands him to sacrifice one fortune for another. "A happiness shared by but two persons is torn in the conflict of daily life, is ravaged by society. Then, out of the planetary relations of two individuals, a social novel may spring.

The true novel, which lies in the counterplay of emotions, can arise only in youth, out of fulfilled love, because two young people want to possess each other in the most natural fashion. The longing of mature lovers returns to those earlier times; and the less he was then conscious of his happiness, the more beautiful he paints it now. This patina with which memory beautifies the basic pictures of our past life produces a new sense of happiness, comparable to that which is produced by renouncing. Both are dreams, one spun from what has happened, the other from what has not. The question as to what makes one the more happy in love, is no more intelligent than any generalization in the matter of happiness.

Because happiness is neither enjoyment, nor deprivation, but the liberty of the individual to choose that which best fits his nature.

VII

Enjoyment? Why not passion? The distinction is clear. But still, though every passion strives to the fulfilment of

its desire, this conception has moved into the lower sphere of the possession of happiness. We classify the sensual emotions beneath the super-sensual emotions.

The pride of the intellectuals, who figured out this scale, seldom conforms with their own practices. We may often see sages or moralists, who pride themselves on their cultivation of the super-sensual, conducting their debates at opulent dinner tables; we hear, amid their conceptions of immortality, saintliness and renunciation, their enchantment over the delicacy of a soufflé. What we know of the way of life of the philosophers in ancient times as well, from Empedocles to Seneca, is more frequently connected with the enjoyment of the senses, at banquets and feasts, than with asceticism.

Yet still to-day we encounter the prejudice that spiritual endeavor is not in concord with the desire of enjoyment. This makes the wise suspicious. The Romanic peoples are more honest in this respect than the Germanic, who with less naiveté are likely to shade their motives and veil the natural egoism of the individual or of the nation.

Who will set himself up, to decide where the borderline runs between spiritual and sensual enjoyment! There is no debate that the dinner table belongs to one side, music to the other. But what about wine, between the two? As it travels through the mouth into the stomach, it should be considered as belonging to the sensual enjoyments, which approach the thirst of animals. But insofar as its effects

revive the spirits, and may act creatively or destructively, it is a spiritual enjoyment. On the journey from thirst to the enlightenment of drunkenness, wine leads from the primitive to the highest and back again to the primitive forms of happiness, and it demonstrates in a new example that nothing is purely spiritual or purely sensual, in itself. Some professor of history, who out of a hundred books about Cromwell fashions the hundred and first, so that he may be fed and pensioned by the State, is living a much more material life than a thoughtful sausage vendor, who on Sundays seeks an explanation of the nature of Christianity in the schoolbooks of his well educated son.

The connoisseur of sensual enjoyments may often be called, by the intellectual, an artist of life, or a sybarite. The savor of a lover of joy clings even to the conception of an Epicurean. Yet it seems that everybody is hunting for the same joys, which but bear different names and masks. The housewife who keeps her seasonings in nicely ordered boxes or her odds and ends of cloth carefully rolled in a basket, gets as much enjoyment out of doing this as the court marshal gets, when he prepares the order of precedence for the next royal reception.

Not even delicacy will lead to greater enjoyment. A wealthy pastrycook spends an evening with his family at a show. He has dinner, and drinks to his taste; he listens with half an ear to the band. Later he dances, drinks a few cocktails, argues with an acquaintance over the likeli-

TWO EVENINGS

hood of war, and later in the night lies down in bed near his wife, who has similarly enjoyed the evening. And on the same evening, a physician has invited his lady friend. He has arranged a delicious repast, has exchanged tender words and yielding glances with the smartly dressed woman, while they both drank and smiled. Later he played for her "Les Adieux," her favorite sonata, while she lay in the half dark corner, on the couch. He sat down beside her, held her hand, and tried to read in her dreaming features the effect of the music. Outside on the terrace they looked through the telescope, tried to locate Jupiter, argued about the moon. They drank to each other, an old Haut Brion, which they pretended they wanted to warm, as they held the fine old glass with interlocked fingers. Such an evening leads at length to emotions of desire, which will rise on in phantasies of dream.

Where, in this, is the borderline of the sensual? And what entitles us to expect a deeper sense of happiness in the second couple, just because their art of enjoyment is on a higher level? All four of them fulfilled their forms of happiness on this evening. Each attained the highest form allowed by their natures. Each would have felt funny in the role of the other.

Thus did Cleopatra, who commanded slaves instead of machines, pile up her pleasures on her trip with Caesar along the Nile; thus did the aging Lucullus, after decades of battles and campaigns, refine the joys of life. Thus did

Friedrich von Hohenstauffen and Titian on the Mediterranean; Rubens in the North; Oscar Wilde in London. All their esthetic knowledge of art and love achieved higher forms of the happiest moments than others could experience, just as the delicacy of a Brussels lace tablecloth excels that of a peasant's handwoven linencloth. And yet people feed their hunger at a princely table as well as in an Alpine valley kitchen; and between the stuffed quails and the risotto no new fates lie.

In all times and all climes everybody has tried nearly every day of his life to find a few moments of joyful quietude; then came a landslide, or a thunderstorm, or war. And men try to save themselves, because they love life. Only one in a hundred thousand is so desperate as to finish it with his own hands; the others turn off the path of tragedy. And when one comes home from a funeral, one is often filled with a silent sense of superiority, because it is not he that has been called away.

That is why people love tragedy in a show. Only a few recognize themselves there on the stage and leave the house with deeper thoughts about happiness. Most of them enjoy in aroused excitement the spectacle of the fighting hero, and feel themselves called upon still more strongly, after his death, to enjoy the little time still left for them.

Others who seem to be excluded from happiness throw themselves into the lust of suffering. The legend of the

farmer whose cross was taken from him by the good fairy, and who now out of longing for his cross grows more and more somber, is duplicated in thousands of persecuted, mistreated, dishonored souls, who stood up against their lot for a long time, in the consciousness of their innocence—and now, when they are suddenly rescued, find themselves helpless, alone. The paths of the prophets receive their light from this.

But not only weak natures demand misfortune from fate, so that they may be capable of happiness. The blind man, who the other day wrote his philosophy of misfortune as a prerequisite for true happiness, did not have this point of view when he still could see. We others may take the lesson thankfully, and not believe that misfortune produces deeper emotions than fulfilment. All that is figured out only for those moon-natures who are afraid of the sources of their own light.

When thus all passions, even those of misfortune, may be transformed into enjoyments, one still remains that ruins the happiness of man. That is envy.

Hate may become productive; some people blossom only beneath that passion. But envy, the only negative passion, will remain forever sterile. It, and jealousy its daughter, cannot be melted into feelings of happiness even by the most perfect artist of life. They undermine all bases of happiness and destroy their victims.

VIII

Besides the passions and the enjoyments, beyond ideals and even consciousness, there is a form of happiness that enriches man and replaces the ecstasies to which otherwise the passions are leading him. That is the joy of creation. The pastrycook, who spent his Sunday night so dully, so clumsily, enjoys another happiness when before his oven he prepares a special fancy cake of his own creation. There, he is all balance, free even of the thought as to whether it can be sold, because he made it without an order, and it will be stale to-morrow. There his devoted look turns to the flour, sugar, butter, cinnamon, he watches the scale: all his senses are centered in his tongue, with which he tastes that the mixture is right. Then he too is a son of Prometheus, an artist.

Is there anybody equal to the creative man, in his calm and turbulence, among the knights of fortune? Pastrycook, physician, garage mechanic, amidst their seasonings, tissues, and screws, become little gods that put things together by a secret plan, known only to them. They unite the disjoined, surmount confusion, bring order into chaos. That happiness of the creative man, whether it work upon iron or flesh, is expressed in the glow that shines upon us from the face of the working man. In this mood everybody becomes beautiful, because all impulses and passions fall away; a spiritual devotion to any goal rids one of greed and ambition, which otherwise so readily set their

THE ARTIST

mark upon the face. The youngest carpenter that hammers together a fence for the chicken coop is then one with the old chemist that pores over a solution and, shaking it over the fire, watches the colors in the tube.

The feelings of happiness in working men are increased in the artist because he feels his creation, at the same time, as a symbol. No other creative spirit enjoys such enchantment, which comes over him anew each time, beyond all troubles and failures. The joy of the creative man that loses consciousness in the highest moments of inspiration, is here spread through hours and weeks of gradual increase and is brought to consciousness through the very excess of the anticipation, as a man wants to beget his son at once grown up and educated. (The recklessness and liberty of the artist, his devotion to beauty, his uncontrolled mastery and his almost lawless phantasy, make him at the moments of his creative drive the master of the earth, whose feelings of happiness unite those of the dictator and the philosopher. As he desires nothing more than a useless beauty, his efforts bestow on him the highest joys

How deeply must he experience, since he virtually never retires to rest on his money or his laurels, to a more comfortable life! This ever fresh inner impulse to widen his creative work cannot arise out of religious faith or ambition for glory. It is the consequence of feelings of happiness that come near to the Olympian emotions; the pre-

sentiment of this in ancient times or among primitive tribes gave the artist the quality of a magician.

It is the act of creation, not the beholding of the creation, that rouses in all of them, from pastrycook to Rembrandt, these feelings of happiness. Bach, who for thirty years set down on paper most of what he improvised at the organ, was no more happy on that account than César Franck, who did not write down anything for thirty years, until his students persuaded him to do so. Balzac after one hundred and twenty novels, still aglow for new designs and visions and suddenly summoned from this smelt-oven of work, was even as happy as Shakespeare, who is the only great one voluntarily to have renounced the continuation of his work.

Their happiness lay in the joy of creation. If the heroes of ancient times wanted to emulate the Gods and their deeds, the artists seek with their work a similar achievement. Man, who through the reproduction of his own image seeks to escape full destruction, is thus the basic type of the artist, who tries to grasp through ever new images that immortality to which he is urged by the certainty of death. Once again the striving for happiness is decided by the premonition of death.

Hence spring the symbolic emotions of the artist, which transform every piece of work into an image of his life.

But he too does not live alone; he too steps out of the joys of solitude with his work, into the dangers of society.

When he landed on the lonely island all by himself with his violin, the violinist was happy; he played for himself and, like another Francis, played his melodies for the animals. Why did he then become unrestful and long for an audience, look for the crowds that he used to enchant? Not even the painter and the poet can live alone forever with their muse. They are drawn to an echo, to a confirmation: therewith they throw themselves into a novel.

And still the artists remain the only ones who always creep back into their cell; the monks, to whom at certain hours they are alike, are poorer in their ecstasies only because they deceive themselves about their senses.

But the painter, who draws his beloved in a hundred different poses, is really the richest and surely the most grateful student of happiness, as he bequeaths not only to himself, but also to posterity, the images of his happiest moments. Thus he widens his own fortune to that of all; and his self-esteem will rise higher than that of the dictator, when he compares the ephemerality of founding a state with longevity of his works.

IX

The strong man never occupies himself with sickness, but always with death. The weak man reverses this. The more deeply the individual has recognized the last necessity, the greater are his possibilities for happiness. That is why the daily diminishing distance from death increases

the readiness for happiness, and it is an error to call youth happier. It seems so only in retrospect, because in those early days fresher powers, unembarrassed courage in the face of risks, simplify matters, shorten considerations. A woman of forty, who hesitates before an adventure, will regard her daughter, who risks all, with some jealousy. And yet the daughter, in her unsensitive giddiness, will forget the strangeness, and the entire episode, much more quickly. She resembles a thirsty person, who gulps a glass of champagne to turn back the sooner to her dance, while the elder one enjoys every drop of her wine.

As the forms of happiness change with the seasons, so does our relation to death. Youth's is close; suicide in passion occurs among younger people because the intensity of the pulse vibration is correspondent to its sudden stop. Then in middle age, which strives toward everything good, death steps back in the mind, and the blooming of children leads to the welcome illusion of immortality. Later death reappears the more strongly. The little word "more" takes on weight.

Here too, at the height of knowledge or wealth, of power or art, man will compare himself more conspicuously with others living around him or before him. Even the uncultured man of fifty, say the director of a bank, will ask himself then, which of the goods fortune bestowed on him men in their fifties generally have had. Such comparisons will trouble the proud character, because he is

GLORY

accustomed to looking upwards when comparing, while the foolish will rejoice because he sees so many below his station.

It is only one step from here to a last will. This too is a medium for overcoming death, if only in that the will for a spell outlasts the end. Here happiness is forced out of the calm certainty of death, as feelings for and against certain people spread out in preference and vengeance. When the testator imagines the eyes of those from whom he withholds properties and money upon which they have counted, or the anger of his enemies, when he leaves behind memoirs that will openly, to the world, lay bare their weaknesses, then he still takes vengeance on fate, which deprived him of the light of day so much earlier than those others.

The thought of posthumous glory lies on a higher level. Men who loved glory have not been afraid of assassination, which could but snatch them at their peak and thus immortalize them. These forethoughts start with the rich man, who wants his name immortalized—sometimes purified too—by an endowment. Thence they soar, to the feeling of happiness of the inventor, whose name fills the world as a benefactor; its highest expression is to be found in that moment, of which the octogenarian Goethe wrote:

"The traces cannot, of my earthly being
In aeons perish."

Those forms of the highest consciousness of existence

before it is extinguished may be contrasted, at the other extreme, with the perfect naiveté of the ox, who takes his feed with pleasure on the way to the slaughterhouse. We often refer to him as happy and, in comparison with the criminal being led to the electric chair, he is doubtless the happier one. Beside them stands Socrates, who rose to full cheerfulness in his last hours; but he stands nearly alone. All others, even the most mature spirits, even Caesar, who discussed the question on the eve of his assassination, want sudden death. Thus at the end of life happiness takes anew those unconscious forms to which it was turned in infancy. The beginning and the end of life are enveloped in twilight, but the great center throws its light into the wide world, or at least reflects the day.

When the ancients said that nobody could be deemed happy until he had died, they did not mean to give this an entirely negative application, for even the darkest conditions of life may be soothed by a favorable death. Surely a life without its last act is as little to be criticized as a drama; but no drama is to be understood in its finale alone. A botanist spent all his life seeking, by a certain method, to explain the origin of twining herbs and mosses. When in old age he had to recognize, through the discovery of another, that all he had taught was wrong, this end could belatedly embitter all the joy of his exploring. But when Caesar, Wallenstein, or Lincoln, was slain after his great success in life, he is to be adjudged happy, be-

cause he was standing on the heights. With regard to Caesar, the dagger of Brutus could indeed destroy in two moments the most powerful man of his time, but could not thus wipe out all the enchantments of this richly blessed life. That these had to go with their creator, that is the common human fate, not especially that of assassination.

Whoever leaves a dramatic performance takes home the last picture in his soul; the stage manager knows why there are such pains taken with the finale. But later, the spectator will recall the whole play. As after the death of a suffering woman the images of her blossoming days will become more and more distinct to a son or a friend, as the first tearful memory will brighten up, so will a happy life gradually restore its balance, even after a horrible end.

The ancients also said "Whom the gods love, die young," of which proverb the legendary life of Alexander gives the most beautiful example. Only one who has met with considerable misfortune could have had invented such a poor proverb; in fact, the form of blessing in Homer is always the wish for a painless death in old age. The desire for an early death springs from the spectator and is not concerned with the wish for happiness in the person involved. Not only will new and perhaps more extended conditions of happiness elude that person, often he will bear a premonition of his early death in his looks; only we recognize this more seldom in life than afterwards

in pictures. Death, even if it speak with the mild voice of Schubert to the girl, will always break upon youth with the violence of a thunderstorm on a day in spring, while to old age it will come more expectedly, after a long clouding of the sphere and heavy storms.

The last thing that fate can do in favor of man is to veil the moment of his death. Therefore the crime that people in favor of capital punishment take upon themselves does not arise from their demanding an eye for an eye—a life for a life—but from the fixing of a date, which otherwise might be delayed for a long time—or else execute the verdict at once, as in war time. The knowledge of such a date—at least in a certain way—makes the physician a real magician and confers upon his will or even his mood, to give his patient the truth or a lie, a power unequal to anything else human.

While therefore the rulers of the earth may put away all others and not miss them, armorer, mentor, wife, they finally turn to their physician, with tension in their gaze, as to the great oracle of life.

He holds the scale of happiness in his hands, and even if art and science must fail too, he still seems to decide, like the judge of the Universe, how much time is left for the man to enjoy the happiness of light.

X

Of light! With that we finally call to the outer air the great word of happiness.

For on that day we are led to the night of death in a most secret manner. Then the light goes down behind the mountains, behind the seas or the plains; the page we are writing, the features we are observing, the screw we are testing: action and reflection dim more and more, the contours dissolve. We grope for the small switch at our left and flood the room with a second, artificial light. But our ancestors in their caves experienced death when the old light died, and with its daily rebirth they knew once more the joy of life, with deeper feelings: that is why they bowed before the godhead of the Sun.

Perhaps no form of happiness can be compared with that of the man with a cataract in his eye, who after the removal of the dimmed lens, suddenly, after yearlong cloudiness, recognizes a human face, the face of the physician and savior who has presented him with light a second time. When he again sees the woods and the clouds, the features of his children, the rose in the garden, nothing else can permeate him with such bliss as he feels at that moment. Are not we seeing ones driven every morning, on opening our eyes and lifting the curtains, to hail the light anew and thus share in a deep happiness!

The change from day to night determines our happiness

with the same elementary force as from summer and winter, as do the sexes, that complete one another. For in every one of these basic forces the deepest condition of our happiness has been given by the form of the change, as though they sought to advise us how to behave. It is the change from standing still to motion, which the elements perform for us. As far as we may perceive the thousands of forms and colors of happiness, one characteristic persists in all of them: what the Greeks used to call systole and diastole, the inhaling and exhaling, the change from action to stillness, from will to surrender, from work to drifting.

This law abides throughout all times and peoples. Even the most self-contained Buddhist, after having regarded his navel for hours and days, requires a motion of his body and his spirit. And the restless American needs these moments of rest, which even his diversions do not allow him. Only where tension and relaxation complement and release one another can happiness arise.

The ~~condition that we all are striving for~~ is the repetition of a beautiful experience, until it is immortalized through renewed repetition. It is that condition alone by which character is formed; whereas a single, sudden experience, be it good or bad, can give only a sudden new direction. Because the condition of happiness impresses lines on the nature of man as life does on the features of his face. When we are touched by the moving look of a

mother leading her children by the hand, across the meadow, happiness becomes evident there, even if it did not enter into the full consciousness of the three persons.

On a joyous day, which brightens up the will for action in artist and craftsman, in teacher and physician, through happier weeks and years as they course through the lives of two lovers or of a nature-loving soul, his state of happiness will make that person more mature and more beautiful than suffering ever could make him. Women achieve such a condition only in their love of a man and especially of their child; men, in their work and creation as well. Hence the depth of the feeling of happiness sounds as a long drawn organ note beneath the melodies of life, which would lose its hold if the sound were suddenly to stop; but only seldom, when the melodies above are stilled, does it reach the ear distinctly, and then men smile or cry.

But always rare moments will arise, out of the state of happiness, in which the whole will is concentrated; and if the artist accumulates such moments in his symbolic reflection of life, they will come, though more seldom, also to simple souls. Religion and society to this end invented weddings, christenings, funeral services; yet these are not the best moments. The best arise like rainbows on the horizon, unexpectedly, so that for seconds the heart stops beating, in the sudden sight of the symbolic bridge.

A young woman in February, still covered with a woolen scarf and heavy boots, goes through her leaf-brown gar-

den, and while she pushes away with her stick some pebbles that are pressing upon the young green, she suddenly sees the first primrose, yellow, cold, half afraid, half wondering. At nightfall she sits by the window, smartly dressed, waiting for her lover. She listens for the good part of a quarter-hour before she hears the sound of the brakes of his car, well-known among all passing cars, the stop, the closing of the door—just as in more romantic times the hoof-beats of his horse. Perhaps, just before, she went to the bed of her child and held the two little hands in her own, so that they might say their prayers together, as otherwise it would not go to sleep. Three moments of perfect happiness, all gifts, have raised this day to the heights of the gods. What more could they possess, that might surpass such moments!

There is the surgeon. He saw the boy nearly bleed to death after the removal of the glands in his throat; but with three stitches he stopped the stream at the critical moment; and now, the next morning, he sees the curve of fate going down and the curve of life going up above the bed, where only yesterday everything seemed to be approaching its end.

Or the collector. How he always felt the missing space in his gold coins of Augustus, where only a last small copper coin was missing! Now finally he has come upon it in the dark store of the dealer; he touches it with his fingers, and feels how he has closed the hole in his microcosm.

Do you see that greyhaired enthusiast standing near the

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Acropolis? Since his youth he dreamed of standing, just once, beside the Parthenon, rather, in the front hall at the south west pillar, the picture of which looked down at him from his wall in his college years. But he became a poor public school teacher; life was hard; he could not afford the trip—until now. Now he stands there; he is actually at the south west pillar, and the wind from Salamis blows through his loosened hair.

And among the fluent pictures of memory arises the blond, longlegged boy: how he comes back to his father's house, his steps uncertain in the dark as the lights of the hall blind his way, which on this first day of vacation leads him back to everything good, everything that he has missed so much in the niggardly school. Now through a side door he enters the kitchen, assures himself in one glance at the dog, which jumps at him, at the cat, which looks cautiously out of his corner, the cook, who dries her hands, the copper pots shining above, and the electric range working below. All is his again; Homer and arithmetic have disappeared. To-morrow at ten o'clock he will once more find the big breakfast that one cannot get anywhere else in the world.

Over there, the fisherman, with tight lips, peers through the break of the morning into the deep, which he yet cannot penetrate, with his left hand throwing his unending net and taking it in with his right. Will the catch pay to-day, at length? But then his grip tightens; his right hand, which senses something heavy, clamps more tightly into

the meshes, as his left hesitates; now with all his force he pulls in, and there lies the giant fish on board, still flapping about, promising rich return.

In a bare room the sailor waits for the admiral. He was called to headquarters, because he aimed the torpedo that struck the enemy's battleship right in the heart. All the period of restricted life, the waiting under water for days, the tension to hear what the observer at the periscope will tell, the sight, the preparation for the attack, the feeling between death and victory, the raid—and now the second when everything depends on the right aim: the dull explosion, the sight of the sinking enemy, the uncertainty as to the effect, more days under water, home port, news of the victory — and now the door opens, the admiral approaches, pins a medal on his uniform, and shakes hand with him just like a comrade.

To those that dream only at dawning belongs also the man who, awakened by the entering daylight, quickly closes his eyes to confide anew in his dream. He pulls back his comforting cover as it slips off, and he surrenders lustfully to what until now has filled him in a deep sleep. At this threshold between the happiness of a dream and the wakeful joy, he fastens upon certain imaginations, nourished by elements of his life yet reaching still farther out into phantasy: a sense of happiness of ineffable sweetness.

What is it that unites all these people, and with them

hundreds of others that feel themselves happy? Well, look at them, and you will see it in their features:

They smile. The face of the woman by the primrose or at the window, the surgeon, the collector, the enthusiast, the boy on vacation, the sailor, the fisherman, the dreamer: not one of them laughs; they smile. The deepest joy of life is in that smile. The smiling one has wheedled something out of fate, in spite of rain, of storm, of pitfalls. All that breathes in the relaxed features, when a soul-state is concentrated into a moment.

That is the moment of perfect balance. For the smile on the face of a man is the harbinger of happiness.

On Greatness

“Great men are greater merely in volume. They have virtues and vices in common with the least of men, only in greater quantity; the proportion may be the same.”

—GOETHE

Four people were lying outstretched on the sand. They had parked the car on a dune overlooking the beach, and had decided to spend the hour before sunset watching the blue, glistening sea and the waves. With all the majesty of the silent elements, the great event pervaded their souls, making the four excursionists forget momentarily their strivings, their successes and failures of the day. Even the war seemed remote from the world; none of them realized in looking at the water that this was the Pacific, which at that very moment was bearing hundreds of ships laden with soldiers, imperiling, perhaps engulfing them.

“Gosh Almighty!” exclaimed the Business Man, and nudged the young woman next to him on the sand. The young woman, a violinist, had raised her hand to shade her eyes as she looked into the flaming, reddish-yellow glow of the sinking sun. “What a grand spectacle!” she said softly.

Her older friend, a school teacher, who until now had

been lying on her stomach, turned around, took in the entire scene with more curiosity than awe, and loudly remarked, "It isn't a spectacle! It's nature!"

"That depends," said the younger one, not wishing to argue the point. But the other, more contentious, turned towards the Philosopher, who had sat down a little off to one side and was playing with the child. His domed forehead, naturally ruddy, was now fairly transfused in the crepuscular light. With the weary effort of an old man, he threw a shell far away so the little boy could run to find it and fetch it back.

"You decide, professor!" the School Teacher called across to him. "All this that we're looking at, is it art or nature?"

The Philosopher smiled, turned towards the group and spoke in his resonant baritone, without raising his voice: "Anyhow it's great, isn't it?"

There was silence. The Business Man mused for a while, then stood up like someone about to begin an investigation and sat down again between the two, so that now all four were close together in a semicircle. Meanwhile the child slowly approached and sat down in the sand next to his mother to compare his new shell with his little collection. The child hummed to himself and let the grown-ups carry on their strange conversation.

"So, John, you call this scene great," said the Business Man in his deliberate way. "Then, would you also compare the setting sun with a great man?"

"With a departing one," interrupted the Musician. "The sun is great, even in death."

"So are all truly great men," said the Philosopher. "A man who dies ignobly shows that he wasn't a great man during his lifetime."

"Then everything would depend on the final hour!" exclaimed the School Teacher in her contrary way. "You can't make me believe that. Take Napoleon, for example; he came to a miserable end."

"On the contrary, he died like a true hero," said the Philosopher, "just as he lived."

"Wait, wait!" cried the School Teacher. "Hero! What is a hero? Are all heroes great? Would you say that only those who are so-called heroes are great? I'm not in favor of heroes!"

"Wait, Dolly," begged the Business Man, her husband. "Now don't go confusing everything."

"Jack always gets upset when I begin to say what I really think!"

The child's voice shrilled as he showed his mother a shell, "Look, look at this one here!"

"Now be still," his mother admonished. "The professor is going to tell us his secrets."

"In the first place, I haven't any," laughed the Philosopher. "And in the second place, I'd have to know what secrets you're talking about."

"The last thing we were talking about was the sun," said the Business Man, always looking for reason and

clarity.

"No, Napoleon!" interrupted his wife.

"I thought it was greatness," said the Musician in her hesitant voice.

"Yes, that was it," said the School Teacher. "Well, professor, out with it! What is greatness?"

The Philosopher smiled. "My dear girl, you ask that as if you were a voice on the radio asking 'What is a vitamin?' or 'What is Corregidor?' I could no more define greatness in a single sentence than I could define beauty."

"Why can't you define beauty?" exclaimed Dolly. "Nothing could be easier. Beauty is—, beauty is—, oh well, we all know what beauty is!"

Everyone laughed, and the child, seeing his mother's embarrassment, nestled up close as if to protect her.

"John's right," said the Musician. "Definitions only cramp your imagination; they don't help at all."

"At least not with such great phenomena," said the Philosopher. "To prove that, all you have to do is consult an encyclopedia; there you will immediately find the diameter of the solar sphere, its temperature, distance from the earth, and a dozen other useful facts. But you will learn nothing about what we are now seeing with our eyes. You will also find the same facts there about great men. And yet, greatness is many-faceted; it has as many different forms as it has colors; it defies definition. Goethe once compared genius to a calculating machine: the crank is turned and the machine gives the correct answer, but it

doesn't know why or how."

"Then you claim that greatness is only feeling?" asked Dolly, seeking to trap the Philosopher.

"It's more than that, and less," was his answer; "for it exists without our feelings; and as a matter of fact, it seldom reaches our deepest feelings."

"Well, John," said the Business Man in his deliberate way, "whom would you call great? Napoleon? Hitler?"

"Napoleon, certainly, but Hitler, most certainly not," said the Philosopher.

"Maybe we all only feel that way," said Dolly, "because he's our enemy, and it's on account of him that our boys have been forced to leave their homes. How are you going to prove that Hitler isn't great?"

The Philosopher sat up a bit, took off his glasses and began to wipe them. Then he gazed sharply and searchingly across the ocean as though to collect his thoughts and to assure himself that the question was seriously intended.

"He could only destroy. His idea of making a single people masters of the world was simply stupid in our day and age. He has the aura of a greedy man who desires to make himself master of the world, a weakling who puffs himself up because of his insecurity. Nothing will remain of him."

"Couldn't you also say of Napoleon that he wished only to destroy?" asked the Business Man seriously.

"The first thing Napoleon did the very night of his *coup d'état*, was to set up a commission for the purpose of

writing a new code of laws. He didn't create chaos; he put an end to it. Even after a hundred and fifty years, his laws are still in effect in many distant countries."

"Then you call him great because of this code of laws?" asked the Musician in a tone of disappointment.

"I only wanted to show why Hitler leaves behind him not law but chaos. Just take a look at his portrait and then at Napoleon's, and you'll know all!"

"Then you believe," asked Dolly sharply, "that a man's expression determines his greatness?"

"It indicates it," said the Philosopher. "The head and the expression never lie. Napoleon's head, as well as Alexander's or Caesar's, or Dante's, or Beethoven's, would be enough in itself to reveal the genius to a connoisseur."

The Business Man persisted: "But suppose Napoleon hadn't written any code of laws but had only destroyed, like Ghengis Khan? Therefore, in your opinion, it's ideas that motivate a man and make him great?"

"It's neither the ideas alone nor the laws alone. If we were to call great only those men who had created something permanent, then no statesman would ever be great, for all their conquests are one day taken back, all their empires are destroyed, their laws are often changed, their ideas are confuted or become a matter of course. How much of a period of time is necessary to guarantee a ruler's greatness after his death? Is it fifty years, a hundred, or a thousand? Greatness doesn't depend on the permanence of a deed, for there are no permanent deeds."

"Look, the ocean! Why, it's all gold!" exclaimed the Musician in her gentle voice.

"Yes, yes, it's beautiful!" cried Dolly impatiently. "But now, just listen to our friend and see if he isn't caught in his own trap!"

John laughed, "I got out of my trap in advance, by avoiding definitions!"

"If the deeds of statesmen disappear," said the Business Man, "then what remains of the statesmen? Why do we ever call a king or a president great centuries after their empires, like their bodies, have crumbled into dust?"

"Quite right!" his wife agreed. "Why do we call half a dozen kings great but not the other hundreds, since each one of them fought his way through the world out of pure selfishness or vanity?"

"Because only half a dozen showed the power of personality," answered the Philosopher. "What outlives the times are not the battles that these men have won, not the provinces that they have conquered. What does the Battle of Pharsalus mean to us, or Indus, or Austerlitz? It means nothing to me. And yet, Americans, the guardians of democracy, are never fascinated by anybody as much as by tyrants and dictators like Caesar and Napoleon! We really should despise them and eradicate their memory if we fight against their present-day successors!"

"That's just what I think!" cried Dolly. "They were and they are terrible scoundrels!"

"I will never believe that!" cried the Musician with un-

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usual animation.

“Just listen to who is defending these men of power! A delicate artist who seems to have nothing in common with such men. Do you know why? As a woman, she feels the great personality of a man. On Napoleon’s portraits she sees the expression of his eyes, she reads about the impression he made on his soldiers, she still recalls one or two sentences from his speeches, she remembers a few anecdotes, she has felt that his life was a great ballad, as he himself said at the end. She forgets the fact that a million people were killed to carry out his plans, that he left France smaller and poorer than it was when he took it over, something that outraged all his contemporaries. The grandeur of his concept of a united Europe, the bold, fundamental vision of his conquests, the speed of his decisions, the courage with which he fought sixty battles while in personal command, the belief in his star of destiny that guided him for years, the tone of his love letters, the stroke of genius whereby he snatched the crown from the Pope’s hands and placed it upon his own head,—a hundred things that portray the greatness of the man that Napoleon was, make him a hero. We tend to overlook the completely amoral element of his existence because a man like that can as little be harnessed in moral precepts than a lion can be in a cobweb.”

“And why doesn’t the same thing apply to Hitler?” asked the obstinate School Teacher.

“Because not a word, or scene, or gesture of greatness

is known about him. Not one of his admirers has ever reported them. Because he is—we can almost say was—a miserable, petty personality. About Napoleon, on the other hand,—his worst enemies have told great things about him. Do you know what he did once when he was hunting and came upon the cottage of Chateaubriand, the poet whom he had exiled? He broke off a sprig of laurel and laid it at his enemy's door, and put his glove upon it. And do you know what he did when his second wife bore him an heir? 'We can only save the mother,' said the physician, 'by destroying the child in the operation.' 'Save the mother first,' commanded the Emperor, who had married her only for the sake of this heir. Such traits attest to his greatness more than all his battles, for they are doubly moving when they belong to a warrior and ruler."

"But suppose," interjected the Business Man, "suppose that Ghengis Khan had possessed equally great visions, feelings, or thoughts?"

"Then he was out of luck," answered the Philosopher, "because they weren't carried down to us. We don't even know exactly what he looked like. Alexander was wise enough to take along a staff of reporters and historians on his campaigns of conquest; without them he would never have become 'The Great.' If Caesar could ever have seen a modern newsreel and how it records a traveling Prime Minister for all posterity, he would have gone mad with envy."

"There you are!" cried Dolly, "it's all publicity!"

"It's the opposite of publicity; it's fame!" countered the Philosopher. "What appears today and tomorrow can be bought by everyone, and that is why today's greatness is forgotten in a few years. But if a hundred years have passed or even a thousand, and a shining legend has grown up out of lurid reports, that is what may decide the matter of fame and give to the man of former times, or take from him, the chance of being considered great."

"Then magnetism," remarked the Business Man, "would be more decisive for greatness than accomplishments."

"Magnetism isn't greatness, but it calls our attention to where the sources of greatness are to be found, like a divining rod. It's all a matter of degree: there are magnetic individuals without greatness, but there has never been a great man without a certain magnetism, which is exactly what personality is. Just read what their best observers tell about Jefferson or Lincoln."

"Why, in Heaven's name," interrupted Dolly loudly, "do you always talk about these old statesmen? As if there weren't any great artists!"

"That takes us into quite another field. Thinkers, painters or poets who leave permanent works behind are easier to recognize as intellectually great than those men whose work is expressed in transient deeds. We know nothing about Homer except that he was a genius, if he ever lived at all; and if we never knew anything about Shakespeare or Mozart, there would still be left the impression of great,

unknown men. If Schubert's *Lieder* or Beethoven's quartettes had come down to us anonymously, we would call their creators great just as we call the Unknown Soldier great. Knowledge of their lives reveals a good deal to us, but it can neither enlarge nor diminish the value of their works. Creative artists have an opposite fate from imitative ones; their persons disappear behind their works. But the great virtuoso and the actor lives only in his person and disappears completely with it. Of all the great musicians who were idolized by their contemporaries only the one name of Paganini has outlived the centuries, because he left behind the legend of a magician, and women swooned when he played. And it was only because of his erotic talents that Casanova ever became immortal at all."

The young Musician had followed these last words with rapt attention, and she asked, "Then it doesn't depend on whether a man has lived a moral life for him to be great?"

"Not at all!" exclaimed the Philosopher; and both women, unlike as they were, seemed somewhat relieved.

"Of course there is such a thing as moral greatness," he resumed, "but greatness isn't primarily moral; indeed, it's often the opposite."

"You wouldn't call a moral man great for that reason alone," said the Business Man. "For example, a radioman who sticks to his post till the end on a torpedoed ship."

"A hero, if you will," answered the Philosopher, "but by no means great. There are many heroes who aren't really great, and many great men who aren't heroes. The

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soldier who by his courage and skill saved eighty of his comrades at Dunkirk deserves a decoration, a song, even a monument; but he can never figure in the gallery of great men."

"There's the snobbery of the intellectuals for you!" exclaimed Dolly. "They only recognize intellectual greatness!"

"Far from it," denied the Philosopher vehemently. "The mind in its struggle with the deed is not always victorious. We would know little of Marcus Aurelius if he had only been a Roman Emperor; his greatness is based on his *Meditations*, just because they were written by a man of deeds. And Solon—if Plato is to be credited—would have become a poet greater than Homer if he had not devoted himself to governing Athens. On the other hand, the little that we know of Alexander as a thinker is certainly not the reason for his greatness."

"But Alexander was handsome!" said the Musician softly.

"Handsome! You're really letting your imagination run away with you!" her friend called out to her. "According to that, any young movie star could be called great!"

"Anyhow they think so," said the Philosopher, laughing. "But if a world conqueror is as handsome as Alexander was, then it actually is a part of his greatness. It supplies the lyrics to all the music that he ever played in his life."

"What's Alexander?" asked the child.

"Do you hear?" asked the Philosopher. "He's listening because he heard us talking of a handsome man."

"I suppose then," queried the Business Man, "you'd say there couldn't be any great man who was ugly?"

"Lots of them!" replied the Philosopher. "Just look at Voltaire's or Dante's bust. Of course these men had a few traits of genius in their faces. Socrates' ugliness definitely had as much greatness as Pericles' beauty."

They stood up and began walking slowly down the beach towards the sinking sun. Sometimes the child ran ahead and sometimes he lagged behind, but he always returned to his mother's hand.

"The sun conquers them all, all the great men," said the Philosopher. "Perhaps because each day it seems to die and each day is reborn."

"Let me sum up," said the deliberate Business Man. "Up to now you have explained that it is the constructive spirit in the statesman and the creative spirit in the artist that is great. In the former instance you considered personality to be decisive but not in the latter. What is it, then, that decides the greatness of a pioneer, of an explorer, of an inventor?"

"He's right!" cried Dolly. "Now we've finally caught you!" Everybody laughed, even the Philosopher, who then answered calmly:

"Personality, what else? Why did Columbus become a world figure and not Vasco da Gama? If someone unknown had been first to land on San Domingo, he would

have had a cold, stone monument set up for him with the inscription: 'Discoverer of America.' Columbus became the living figure known by every child on the inhabited globe only through his personality, through his dramatic story: the poor boy who used to earn a few coins at the waterfront, the obscure young man who journeys to foreign lands with his prodigious dreams, and who then for twenty long years doggedly pursues people with his fantastic plans, who finally enchants the mightiest queen of his time until she sacrifices her jewels for the stranger, entrusts her ships to the adventurer, and in addition promises him a title and fortune,—and then he journeys over the sea and discovers a land, and does not know that he has discovered it, and returns and becomes a great gentleman, and is slandered, and thrown into chains, and finally dies, not only ignored, but even in ignorance of what he has accomplished,—it is this story that portrays his greatness, a story crowned by error!"

"Why, you're a poet," said the Musician.

"I hope not," laughed the Philosopher. "Because I'm looking for exactly the opposite of poetry; I'm looking for truth."

"Yes, yes!" cried Dolly. "But our pioneers! Would you say that they weren't great?"

"They were outstanding men. And yet not one of them has made a world-famous name for himself. Not one of our God-fearing pioneers who opened up this rich land achieved the fame which to this very day still surrounds

the evil and sinister Spanish Conquistadores."

"Then you consider fame the same as greatness?" interjected the Business Man.

"I only say that fame, in the long run, that is, in the course of centuries, finally decides the rank to which a significant man belongs. A man's genius may go unrecognized only for one or two generations: then he is discovered and finally comes into his own. So it was with Copernicus and Galileo, who in the beginning were even considered imposters and rogues. And so it was with Bizet too, and many an artist and many a prophet. Many productive men are overestimated by their own generation and are later forgotten. But others are underestimated by their generation and are later exalted. That explains the solitude that men of the first rank always seek, even those in public life; whereas men of the second rank flee from solitude. Compare the head and character of Charles the Fifth with those of his contemporary, Cesare Borgia, and you will see how lonely the most powerful monarch of his time was, whereas the brilliant bastard of the Pope was constantly seeking emulation and acclaim. Look at Michelangelo's features and then at those of his Pope Julius II, and you see tragic genius contrasted with lively vigor. Between these two we might perhaps place Leonardo da Vinci and Goethe, two magicians who remained silent about the best of what they knew. All four were extremely successful, and yet in all four you can see the loneliness that great men are almost always—or at any rate, at cer-

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tain periods of their lives—burdened with, you might even say, blessed with.”

“And what would you call those men,” inquired the Business Man again, “whose achievement was recognized during their lifetime and still continued to be recognized after their death?”

“I would call them the fortunate ones,” said the Philosopher cheerfully. “You naturally think first of Mozart and Raffael in this connection; but Haydn and Gluck belong to them too. However, if you asked me who the great man was that enjoyed the most complete existence and yet outshone the centuries, I’d say—”

“Lord Byron?” suggested the Musician.

“Augustus?” asked the School Teacher.

“They might have been, except for the shadow that darkened the end of their days. The man who always seemed the most perfect genius to me was Titian.”

“What do we know about him?” said the Business Man, disappointed.

“If that’s so, why didn’t you write his life?” asked the School Teacher petulantly.

“So as not to lose him,” answered the Philosopher. “Anyhow, he was one of the few great painters of mankind, perhaps the greatest. And at the same time he lived like a king and made kings feel that he was their superior. In art, in love, and in fame he was perfect. Such men remind me of those giant trees that tower above the dense tangle of undergrowth in a jungle. From the edge of our

own jungle I've watched these gigantic figures all my life, ever since I once saw them looming up in Africa; and from time to time I saw a great bird flying from one to the other."

"Why haven't you ever looked for them among us," asked the Business Man, "right in our own country?"

"Oh, I've looked for them, and I've found some. One of them was the greatest man I ever met."

"Who was it?" cried Dolly eagerly. "Wilson?"

"Was it Paderewski?" asked the Musician.

"Or Henry Ford?" asked the Business Man.

"Henry Ford!" cried the little boy as he recognized the name.

"I've known all three of them," said the Philosopher, and paused. They all looked at him expectantly. He remained silent for a while, enjoying their curiosity, and finally said:

"It was Thomas Edison."

"What?" cried Dolly, disappointed. "But why Edison? Of course there was the electric lamp, and the phonograph, and I guess he had something to do with the moving-picture machine, and maybe radio, but—"

"No, it wasn't the electric lamp or the phonograph. Edison had the kind of overpowering personality that conquered everyone he came in contact with. As an old man, when I saw him, there was something really Olympian about him: his venerable white head that never bowed with age but only grew more stately, his youthful laugh,

the high voice characteristic of the hard of hearing, complete naturalness, radiant cheer,—these would be enough if I were to see him sitting there on the sand in the setting sun, without knowing who he was, to attract me magnetically and make me ask, ‘Who is that perfect man? He looks as God might have imagined him.’ And then add to that the realization of his tremendous achievement and his versatility. Our imagination associates this great figure with all the works he conceived, with the struggles in which he overcame his opponents, with the brilliant flashes of thought with which he enlightened the world. You’ll never find anything like that in Orville Wright, who was also a great inventor, nor in Henry Ford, nor in Paderewski, nor in Wilson; and they all accomplished great things in our day.”

“How about Pasteur?” queried the Business Man.

“And Darwin?” added the Musician.

“Two great men,” answered the Philosopher, “and yet the glory of their names is not due to what they discovered and invented; for only one person in ten thousand has ever read even one of their works. But pasteurized milk and the so-called theory of man’s descent from the apes have stirred the imagination of millions; whereas Koch and Lamarck, who were nearly as great, are not nearly as famous.”

“It’s all too subjective for me,” grumbled Dolly, shrugging her shoulders.

“But how could it be anything else?” responded the

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Philosopher with unusual emphasis, for now he was intent on gaining his listeners' assent even if he couldn't fully convince them. "The sun over there is objective, and the ocean down there is objective. The elements are objective, and they are great, but we can only admire them. Here at the beach, before the setting sun, we can only go down on our knees in silent awe, because the elements are forever remote to us. They are more sublime than great. But what stirs us all when we speak of greatness are human deeds and works. We see ourselves reflected in them, because each one of us is striving for the same thing on a smaller scale. The elevator boy, reading of Lincoln's rise, dreams that he will become a manager in ten years. It's the comparison with ourselves, the common striving, and our imagination that make us one with great men, not their particular achievement. Every great man, by one of his deeds or works, yes, even by a gesture or word, becomes a model, because thousands among his contemporaries or among posterity model themselves after this gesture, because they are inspired to do likewise or are warned against it."

"We generally see ourselves reflected in our contemporaries," remarked the Business Man. "Which of our present-day leaders do you consider great?"

"I won't be able to answer that until the year 2000, when we return to the same beach; for the Pacific will hardly have changed. Today the collaboration of many minds makes it difficult to unravel individual achievement.

It's not clear who it was that actually made the basic plans for this war of liberation and who it was that merely acquiesced in them. I have my suspicions but I can't prove anything. Maybe Stalin will some day be mentioned together with Peter the Great, because of all our leaders, he is the one that constructed most, whereas the others are merely defending what they have inherited. And yet, Stalin, too, is an inheritor and will be eclipsed by Lenin. For, among men of action, it is the founder of a state that is most important, because a people, like an individual, will have only one father. Our own Capital is named after such a man, even though there were two or three others who were just as great as he. Today we have a quartet of leaders, and the best quartet is one in which none of the players plays louder than the others."

"Why so cautious suddenly?" laughingly exclaimed Dolly. "Come right out with it! Are Churchill and Roosevelt great men?"

"No one can answer that until he knows, first, all the decisive documents, which are still secret, together with their private papers; and second, how these men are going to die. A life without a final act is a fragment, like a statue or a play that is left unfinished. Who knows how great a man Wilson might have become if he had been assassinated in November of 1918!"

"Ah, then you consider death a part of life," interjected the Musician.

"More than that. It's the key to the understanding of a

man's life. For instance, what would Jesus be without his tragic death?"

"According to you, then, every martyr would be a great man," said the Business Man sceptically.

"Not at all," rejoined the Philosopher. "Jesus isn't great because he was crucified; otherwise the thousands of innocent victims of the Nazis would all be great men. Jesus is great because he not only conceived and preached a great idea but actually lived it and finally paid for it with his life. Maybe Socrates is even greater, because he died of his own free will in order to serve as an example; he could have escaped, whereas Jesus had no choice. And in the same way, it was Lincoln's assassination at the moment when he had won the war that really determined his place in the hearts of the people and of posterity. Mohammed, Plato and Jefferson were perhaps every bit as great as the three I just spoke about, but they didn't receive that completion of their greatness at the end, as did the three martyrs, the Greek, the Jew and the American, put to death by their enemies."

"What do you think of Ghandi?" asked the Business Man. "Isn't he, too, a kind of prophet like Jesus and a kind of emancipator like Lincoln?"

"Yes, he is. But he's still living. If he were to die during one of his hunger strikes, the Indians would deify him, like Jesus. But if he were to have the bad luck of heading a government, he might be a disappointment to many of his followers. Outside of India, he is considered a great

man only because he originated a religious formula: the doctrine of non-violence. Because of this doctrine he belongs among the great men."

"Men!" cried Dolly. "Why do you always speak about men only! As if there weren't any great women!"

"Because greatness in women is much rarer and of a more complex nature than greatness in men. The great women of history are all conditioned by the fact that they were women; their sex is more decisive in their greatness than is the case with most masculine geniuses. The queens and royal mistresses that we all know about are good examples of that. Catherine the Great was more decisively influenced by her sexual life than was Frederick the Great, her enemy, by his, even though he was a pervert and therefore more obsessed with sex than a normal man. And Queen Elizabeth of England acted more like a woman than a queen at one or two decisive moments."

"The question is, did she act the right way?" interrupted Dolly sharply.

"What would you call the right way?" asked the Philosopher. "She acted according to her nature; even a great man can do no more."

"And don't you think there were some great women of the crusading type?" challenged the School Teacher.

"You do find some among the emotional races, among the French, the Jews or the Russians. There is no Judith, no Joan of Arc or Charlotte Corday among the Anglo-Saxons. I admire a woman who takes up the standard or

the sword in the cause of freedom, much more than a man, because her decision is doubly hard: the bearing of arms is not a feminine tradition."

"And those women who were great in the art of love?" asked the Musician.

The Philosopher smiled and said, "The two women who, perhaps, fascinated their contemporaries and posterity the most, Cleopatra and Ninon de Lenclos, were entirely motivated and inspired by love. But they aren't much greater than all the other feminine artists,—since we know almost nothing about Sappho's poetry. There have been a few poetesses and female painters but they could never compare with their male contemporaries. And the two women of our time, Madame Curie and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, can hardly be judged properly at the present time. We don't know exactly what part they had in the works and deeds of their husbands."

"He says we're nothing but second-raters, do you hear?" called Dolly to her friend, who had turned away and was only half listening.

"On the contrary," laughed the Philosopher. "You're first-rate! Because almost all women have a way of making their influence felt, something that very few men have; and so women don't need greatness as much as beauty, attraction and charm. In all eras, great feminine personalities have provided decisive inspiration, but we know very little about it because most of what they achieved was enacted behind closed doors. Only a few scraps of infor-

mation have been revealed through the indiscretion of friends or their own vanity. When young Cleopatra let herself be bundled up in a rug and carried off to Caesar who had conquered her capital city, and then came out of the rug: it was such a stroke of genius that I'd rank it with Columbus' discovery, although not with one of Lady Astor's parliamentary speeches. A man can display his genius publicly in all fields; a woman rarely develops hers publicly, unless she's a revolutionist. What woman has achieved in the world of action, even in the last forty years, when she was granted equal rights, has never been decisive. She has really been great only in private life, and her genius generally develops as a joint venture. That's why it's so hard to enumerate the really great women, and that's why you generally find them in novels or portraits where some artist's genius has immortalized them. A woman's secret voice of inspiration can only be heard in intimacy, just as you listen to a seashell by holding it close to your ear."

"What kind of shell?" interrupted the child. They all laughed. But the Musician bent down, threw her arms around him and pointed to the setting sun, saying:

"Do you see, it's evening. The great sun is saying good-bye to us."

The child stretched his hands out towards the light and cried:

"Stop him! Don't let the great sun go away!"

One Day

This is the day at home of a hopeless individualist, such as comes about ten months a year. After the war, this will hardly be possible anymore.

* * * *

The morning light is shaded, so as not to glare, but still to greet the sleeper, who may have gone to bed late. That is why the bed is so placed that the light streams in from the side, through filmy curtains. It is ingratitude toward the gods to lengthen the night with dark, heavy curtains. My first step and glance go to the window. I inherited this morning-thanksgiving from my father, who had a mystic love for light. When we are conscious of conditions of happiness before they diminish, we own them twice; and what happiness can be greater than that of the body's health? What good are the most beautiful ideas, with a bad digestion? When I direct my nearsighted glance through the window, into the wide spread of space, I do not see details without my glasses, but I feel the stream of splendor much the more strongly, for a few moments, as a great symbol. Then I look through my glasses at all the well-known lines and colors; I compare them; I am in a good mood even should it rain, for that will be good for the garden.

It is a beautiful landscape that I behold through the

window. Our house stands on a mountain slope, on the Lago Maggiore. Far below lies the lake, with green and blue bays; it is bordered, east, south, and west, by an undulant chain of mountains. To the North is the steep mountain wall; on its slope we built our house more than thirty years ago. I could draw the ups and downs with my eyes closed, so often have I seen them; and in this repetition of things concordant with our thoughts, there lies as the years go on a bit of the art of life. The Alps, which at this point drop down to the Lombard plain, shut off my view to the south, so that I only imagine the descent to the plain, without seeing it, much as we look toward death.

That I awake every morning in Switzerland has been one of the greatest conditions of my life's happiness. That I can look toward Italy as the invisible borderline nearby, gives me confirmation of Europe, which I love.

On the terrace below, the great greyhound has risen and is looking up to the window. He has heard us during the night: a whispered word, and he slaps his tail against the marble floor of the terrace as if to say: Sleep quiet; I am here; I guard you. And this is a good thing, because house and garden are situated far away from other human housings. A neighbor that might call to me with the fresh voice of morning: How are you? might spoil the entire day. The one exception is the voice of my wife, who knows how to handle me. Cook and gardener have been with us many years; they know our ways, and never disturb us in the morning. For thirty years no strange face ever intruded in

THE FRUIT BASKET

the morning, into that halfwild garden; no mailman, no milkman, no bakery boy. Nobody can come through the old iron wrought gate that bars the narrowest break in the granite rock. Nobody can come by car either, because the garage is a hundred meters away, hidden in the forest.

There are all kinds of electric devices in this enchanted mountain home. The gardener who drives every morning to Ascona, the nearby village, brings everything we need. The mail is not allowed to call more than once a day; then the gardener must leave it in the kitchen. All spiritual work is put to question, every imaginable morning spoilt, when the day starts with the messengers of the world, instead of the summonings of Nature. A man who for thirty years starts his day with the radio and the newspaper must become a different person from the man who begins the day with a stroll in the garden, who does not ask what happened yesterday in Africa, nor even what his friends and enemies have written him.

My second glance falls on something much better. When I look down, along the inner stairway, I see the big basket in the center of the big table at the end of the hall or loggia. Almost always, I stand still, in the middle of the stairway, to take in this picture. To see this basket full of fruit, there in the morning light, is one of the greatest gifts of life. It represents the bountiful, the juice and the sweetness of things; and if an orange has rolled down and lies beside the basket as though in a painting of Veronese, I am doubly content. Sometimes I set one beside it and im-

PICKING FLOWERS

agine that it rolled down by itself.

When I stroll around outside, I can observe how the morning sun, from one day to another, rises farther to the north over the crown of mountains; I know the names of the villages that first brighten. The earlier it comes, the higher it rises, the more frightened I grow; because I fear the longest day more than the shortest one, for then time will wane again.

The events of the morning consist in that the birds in the little and the big birdhouse are busy with their gossip. Once in a while one of them lies dead on the floor, an important memento. How far out are the hortensias this morning, the eyes of my wife are asking. She planted them, and she stands bent over there, a small hoe in her hand. As she loosens up the earth, the white curls fall forward over her face, just as in earlier times, when they still were brown.

Nobody must eat breakfast, which is usually served at a stone table under the large chestnut tree. As I enjoy the garden more than I cultivate it, I rather limit myself to the picking, if I do not water it. But I do it just as with my books: I do not first bring in the facts or flowers and then start to put them in order. Rather, I pick several bunches destined for certain vases in the hall, always one after the other. Sometimes, in the spring, I take a full hour to fill a dozen vases. The bouquet is finished only when it has found its vase like a woman wants a home.

Naturally there are often little annoyances because of

the dogs, who have trampled down something again. None the less, "life without dogs seems to me as impossible as without fruit or music." Their contentment, their longing for play, their gratitude, their gift of observation, their indulgence, make them ever fresh companions of every step, and all without a word. The yearlong daily conversation with a being that understands me and cannot answer; what is there more touching and more heartfelt? When we lose one of our dogs, through age or accident, we sometimes ask ourselves, How many people do we know whose death would equally bereave us? There are always only a few. In a distant corner of the park, the dogs' names are on a marble slab.

In recent years, an odd pair gave occasion for many anthropomorphic comparisons. Lincoln, the big deerhound, was the most faithful creature I ever met. He died when my wife returned alone from a long journey, because he could not know that I also was returning, a few weeks later. He thought I was lost and he belonged wholly to me. Congo, a black poodle who followed my wife, was the smartest of them all, more like a human being than a dog. He understood everything without advancing any claims on that ground. I have pictured both of them in a novel.

The cats, who live their own lives and never become real friends, are effective as pictures and spots of color on pink cushions or by the fireplace, or in scenic sets too, as under a laurelbush where they poise for small birds and are angrily chased away. How the animals fight each other

in such a fantastic forest is a further illustration of what happens in the outside world.

It is a forest of chestnut trees that we have changed into a park, though it is losing itself once more in a forest. Up and up the mountain slopes, with small terraces down which the water runs, but not too quickly. In a climate like that of California, only rich in rain, so that things are forever green, the same trees are growing; and the laurel, which I learned to adore as a boy, has its special importance. There is a laurel tree that I planted thirty-five years ago; now when it bears its dark blue fruit, my wife laughs and says, "See here, these are your royalties!"

The garden, which deserves a book for itself—and I have described it in a novel, in German verse—is the real setting of our lives. The house is somewhat like an island in our garden, but a lived-in and an adorned island. The garden is marked with steep slopes, which divide it into three or four levels; and through a large pergola of roses the view over lake and mountains is broken into many vistas. As we dwell upon granite — and that is, over a stretch of time, not without its influence upon the human soul—granite posts are cheaper than wooden ones; at the same time, they give to the pergola a solid form. That we can walk there only two abreast makes it conducive to philosophic discussions, and I always fear the end of the pergola where we have to turn around and might lose the best argument. Sometimes I see my wife hanging over the steepest point to pick the first violets, blossoming up there

SHAVING

over the precipice. Deeper in the woods, where cherry laurel, cypress, and very old ivy grow in a festive dark, there rests on a large granite rock, of which this site is very rich, a dark bronze bust of Beethoven. A newcomer must be startled at the sight, as if he encountered a ghost.

The morning is always the most beautiful, because from it one takes, as it were, a fresh start into life again. All that grows makes man happy, and if sometimes a bush is broken, or a mimosa is bent by the Alpine wind, or a bed of daffodils trampled, I have to draw instances out of legend, to solace my wife.

I only tend to my toilet later. People who jump out of bed, rush under the shower, rub themselves red, sing, breakfast listening to the radio, may be happy after their fashion. For me, a quiet transition from the land of sleep to the dawning brightness is more suitable, more framed to let ideas take form. If I sometimes get one as I dress, it always happens while I am shaving; when I cut myself, my wife asks me, "Did you have an idea this morning?"

My studio is situated at the western end of the house, where nothing from the kitchen can be heard, nor from the children, because they were supposed not to appear in the back garden as a rule—a rule which I broke as often as they. As the house started growing, slowly, with the editions of my books through the years, my studio always moved farther to the rear; for the past fifteen years it has remained where it cannot move any farther.

MY STUDIO

It is a large, almost empty room with three giant arched windows, which look out on cypresses, and farther to the lake and the mountains. At the end, a small glass door leads to a patio on which, between granite stones and pillars, stands a small bronze replica of the fountain of Verrochio at Florence. There, pigeons live. I always hear and see them, because I scatter food to them so that they will always cluster about my working place. In the room hang two exciting paintings, both metamorphoses of the gods, copies of paintings in Venice and Vienna: The Ariadne of Tintoretto and the Io of Corregio. These young men and women, who could be brothers and sisters, concentrate all that beauty, youth, love, all those old-fashioned ideals, still mean, and to which I still cling in this age of grotesque caricatures.

High above the glass door hangs a bust of Goethe in his middle years, a kind of a mask; and above it, cut into the beam, are the Greek letters of the five basic Orphic words, in which he concentrated his wisdom. On one wall, farther in the dark, there is framed in glass an original page of Faust, which must be brought to the light to decipher the fading pencil strokes. I do not have any other autographs, because I do not collect anything except people.

There are only two chairs, because in such a room one can arrange the finest dialogues. On the granite shelf, a few rare crystals lie; but on the wide Renaissance table that I brought from Rome there stands a giant ebony ele-

NOTES

phant with whom I often converse, and on which I sit two- or three-year-old children when they visit me. There are also two old Swiss cabinets in which I keep my papers. All of this stands on a light blue carpet, which I brought from Damascus and which after thirty years has become wondrously shabby, and belies its history. It has fourteen borders, so that the shield in the center is relatively small. Everything in the room, then, is white and blue. In the whole house there is no red, and no wallpaper.

There are no books in my studio. These are all kept together in the library. Only, in a niche, on six shelves, stand my own books collected in many foreign languages, three hundred or more different editions: my children, whom I see looking at me out of their corner.

Perhaps this morning the gardener comes into my room and puts two big parcels near my table, for all that I need for study comes by mail from Zurich. Only in Switzerland and in America may one so trustfully send books into the country. Thus I have never in my life worked in a library, but always in the country, far away from all associations; and the books always come to me.

As I cannot stand books about me when I am working, I run through these scripts as quickly as possible and make notes in shorthand as quickly as I read, of all that I need. Some of these source-books are read for me by my wife. I could not use a so-called research worker, who never knows what is really important, that the most important thing may sometimes be found in a little small-type foot-

THE NAIL

note. An artist cannot accept help except from a kindred gifted and educated spirit; therefore my wife is and has been my only co-worker, and this in a sense that goes far beyond mere research. Without her I would never have started one of my books, and never ended one; I would not edit one without her criticism. To an artist there is no more precious counsellor than a clever woman who remains critical yet is attuned to appreciation. The dramatic story of this collaboration is a comedy, which someday I may write.

But man has to be alone to write, to paint, or to compose, as he does not invite witnesses to lovemaking. It is all one whether he write in an artist's home, or in that modern monk's-cell, a hotel room. A beautiful room is not inspiration, merely taste.

On my almost empty writing desk, pedantically kept in order, a vase of golden glass stands in the center, not for flowers but for laurels only, because I tell myself these could be helpful to my work. Before it always stands a picture of my hero. Once this was a small map of the Nile. Sometimes it is even that of the next hero, just as one may feel, in the wake of a receding love, the approach of the new object.

This hero is the object of jokes for the whole family. My English mother-in-law will stand by the table and say: "Tell me, is he dead at last?"

A large, handmade, wrought iron nail, like those we know in the crucifixions of the old masters, certainly three

hundred years old, with all the irregularities of this noble artisan work, lies on my manuscript; it does not leave me on any journey; it lies nearby as I am writing this. A romantic story, intertwined with our youth in this same forest, makes it irreplaceable.

As I set down all items and notes in shorthand in a note book, this booklet is the only thing lying on my desk as I write. For if one does not know everything in advance, or has not gathered together all the sources, how could one start to write? Thus the portraitist will have before him his model, his colors and his canvas.

The luncheon gong is a disturbance. Most of the time I am annoyed by it. If I had a bad morning, if nothing came aright, if I threw everything down and crossed out everything, then I secretly waited for the dinner call; it was my savior. But if I was deeply absorbed in my diction, then the beating of the gong on the terrace, so that its sound could be heard by all in garden and house, broke right into my mood. Then I might call back not to wait for me.

If the big glass door from the hall to the front garden has been pushed aside, the oval dinner table almost stands outside. As I believe that wine and music are the gifts of the evening, of recreation and dreaming time, unless guests are coming there will be no wine at luncheon. Everything is as delicately cooked as possible, simple, superb. But the menu must be written on the little blackboard, even if there is only a single farmer's dish, so that I shall know

whether I must ration my appetite. This table is never neglected. I cannot stand the word, weekday. Everyday it looks like a picture: glass, porcelain vases, the best of everything we have is just good enough to bring its splendor to the daily table. Why must I wait for guests, to enjoy beautiful pictures around me, instead of presenting them to the eyes of the best persons that I know, along with my own? You will often find, in the studio of the poor Montmartre painter, more taste than in palaces, because here beauty rules, and there, only power.

I love the moment when I see the head of my old mother-in-law look up from the table, still erect, straight as a candle, seeming to say to me, with light reproach, "Why are you so late again?" She has lived with us here for twenty years, and she decorates the house with her ironic Scotch nature. My wife comes from the garden in her smock; children and dogs complete the orchestra of our home.

There the mail awaits me, and now I am curious as to what it brings; I make my wife angry because the fine soufflé gets cold. I can tell from the envelopes, the outside, what word they are bringing; and as the surprises are mainly negative, I see how good it was that I did not let them cripple half my work in the morning. There are two publishers, or agents, who often write from the big world out there, that they would not pay me for another six months. Then there are the readers, with all sorts of counsel; others, with interesting criticism; and then the paper

HANDWRITINGS

clippings, which my wife scorns, and calls paper glory. I read them because I learn from them what I am worth in foreign lands.

As I have almost never come upon anything good from colleagues and as, in our remote country life, I never belonged to a group or a periodical, I expect more from an unknown reader than from the experts. Then it is a festive hour when from somewhere in the world a sign of deeper understanding comes. For thirty years I have been more interested in written letters, especially critical ones, than in printed comments, because they arise out of a personal impulsion and not from routine. The best come from America.

Unusual handwritings on the envelopes are at once analyzed, and the children glean some appropriate information. My wife is the expert in that field; while all my life I have studied heads and from them draw the basis of all my work. When an argument arises over a handwriting, then the signature on the opened letter brings the solution; and usually I am wrong; because I judge handwriting, as I do persons, almost always too favorably. My critic wife is nearly always right, and I would not have it otherwise. Sometimes the beautiful handwriting of my oldest friend radiates upon us, the philosopher.

Sometimes there comes a letter of a mighty man, and then I play in the spirit of the Renaissance: I am a portraitist, from Ferrara or from Venice, and we laugh. Because with the mighty men of this earth I feel as do the

CALLS FROM THE WORLD

modern African hunters with big game: we do not hunt with a gun any more, but with a camera. So I do not shoot these wonderful beasts of prey, but study them and by comparison learn both present time and history.

Suddenly there comes, perhaps, an invitation to Paris or London, in connection with the big beast. Then the question arises, is it worth while to leave this idyll, to start off next Monday; or should one prove oneself a philosopher and resist the temptations of money and influence? It is an account-taking in which one fashions the amounts in his head and in which one always adds a bit if one is in the mood to travel and subtracts if one doesn't wish to go.

In earlier times, I always gave in. Country life calls for a diversion. The trunks are packed; the whole house grows nervous; off I go, and ultimately come back, but exhausted. If my wife had not been less open to bribery than myself, I should have squandered much more time in the so-called big world. The price, for a few interesting hours, is always too high. Even if I could behold, in the capitals of the world, the political and spiritual leaders, they would not be so interesting as a quiet summer's day in our garden. I saw through this illusion, but too late.

Meanwhile someone at the table has told some news, picked up from the radio or the morning paper. This usually happens on the garden steps, where we have the Turkish coffee my wife brews. This tradition was established some sixty years ago by my father, who brought the

THE INVISIBLE ENEMY

then rare coffee and the little machine from Turkey. It must be served in very thin, authentic cups; it must be very hot; the bowl must stand on an oriental board; and one paper napkin would ruin it all. To all these things I daily pay proper tribute. Because I enjoy the gifts of life every day; and I have decided not to get so used to anything good as to take it for granted. There, indeed, lies the whole secret of the art of life.

Both the impertinent troublemakers of modern life, the telephone and the radio, are not allowed to appear among us whenever they wish, but only as we desire them. A conversation, be it ever so light and lively, will always bear a shock if suddenly a strange voice interrupts or an answer is heard from another room. The impertinence with which a radio voice breaks into our daily life merely because someone has pulled a switch to the right, or even music at the wrong hour: that I think is a curse I should like to send to hell.

If cook takes the call, everything is all right. But if no one is there, then I let the invisible enemy ring for two minutes. Then he will surely stop, and as surely I have suffered no loss. For on the telephone somebody always wants something; at the least, he wants to gossip. I have never yet had the experience that somebody whose bell broke into my mood brought me something beautiful or useful. If I want to hear news, my son can tune it in at the proper moment. The miraculous movement of the hand to the left, which cuts every voice to silence, is like the magic

DRIVE TO TOWN

hood of the old legend, which made Siegfried invisible. Both guarantee solitude.

In the afternoon, there are always a few hours of work. Twice a week the secretary comes; she stays in her room, virtually invisible. She finds my shorthand answers to the letters in a basket. Manuscripts go to her in batches of twenty to thirty shorthand pages, which the gardener brings to her every morning to the village. She decodes them and brings them back after typing. Urgent matters are easily telegraphed by telephone. I pay rather a lot of money for that, because I love the electric spark, the quick question and speedy answer, all in the midst of a forest a conversation with lands abroad. The telegraph official in the small town knows my business; when I once had an argument with a German publisher and he finally wired that instead of paying he would come himself to straighten out the matter the official told me on the telephone, before he read the wire: "Doctor, now he's coming himself, from Berlin!"

When summer arrives it is usually afternoon before we go for a ride in the car to one of the valleys, or, once or twice a week, by motorboat on the lake. Or we may drive to the small city of Locarno, where the barber, the electrician, the pastrybaker, the physician, the pharmacist, and the notary are our good old friends. Most of the time we have an idyllic afternoon with the children and the animals. Suddenly the dogs begin to bark, everyone is startled; then a friendly face appears through the garden,

THE TITINO

accompanied by a neighbor or someone that speaks the country dialect, and there's a pleasant spell of gossip.

If we go for a drive, it is as the countryside calls. The Titino landscape, which I have often described, draws its charm from the contrast created by the rich, fruit-bearing lake shores against the wild, rugged valleys.

As here a bright golden world is ranged in battle against dark grey and rocky stretches of shadow, I like to compare this double world with the light-and-shadow moods of Rembrandt. The great space, the solitude, the paucity of people, the silent seriousness that broods over these romantic villages, are relieved by the gay and gossiping nature of the lake folk, in such a fashion that one the more readily understands the contrast within his own breast. The contrast of north and south also makes a forceful impression, if one takes the two hour drive from the lake shore to the Gotthard pass, then swings back from the vegetation of the Alps to that of the Mediterranean Sea, as if one would repeat the primal story of Earth. The steep walls of rocks and the abundance of rain have made the south of Switzerland a land of cascades *par excellence*. Anywhere that you leave the car, you will, on slow foot-journeys, gather wonderful experiences.

The people of this shore, with whom we have spent our life, make possible a sort of patriarchal intercourse with our servants, which is seldom to be found in our century. We have lived with three generations of these families, and have had only friendly, hospitable experiences. I have

NATIVES

often added to my knowledge of characters in the kitchen, where I am fond of spending some time. The loyalty of these people has softened me, when I have suffered grave disappointments from my friends.

The solitude of our country life, to which I owe everything, naturally imposed certain sacrifices on a lively, communicative nature like my own; that is why I always overestimated those few people I invited to our home, and was misunderstood and exploited. When, during these American years, I picture my return, it is mainly of the natives of that country I think; them, we should most like to see. Men are wondrously put to the test, in that fate confirms their first misgivings far more than they would like. In our rich and untroubled youth, in an inexplicable mood, we had cut into the granite front beam of the portico the words: *In tristitia hilaris, in tristes* (Joy in sadness, sadness in joy).

I do not work anymore during the evening, but this cannot be held as a rule. There are sloppy days, on which one just gets around after a fashion, and others whereon one works fourteen hours through. I quit working evenings nearly fifteen years ago.

My wife knows that I pay more attention to how she dresses for me, than for our guests. To our life-pattern, the candles on the dinnertable, the earrings of the lady of the house, a crystal vase, are of considerable importance. I do not care in the main what a guest may think, if only he is gay and friendly minded. A lady may chatter nonsense,

if the drape of her form at the fireplace gives me joy. I prefer a reactionary guest with tact and humor, to one that defends my ideals with bad manners. In this regard literary folk are hardly bearable, musicians are more naive, travelers, seekers, naturalists, are always stimulating.

Folk of all nations come to visit us, but in the future, in our home, the German language will be spoken only by Austrians and Swiss. Sometimes, when six or more nationalities were represented, I tried in vain to bring all to a single tongue. There was always the confusion of Babel.

Before the war we sometimes had feasts that started at noon, brought music later, and ended far in the night. Then I and the women together had our hands full. I go into the kitchen, usually just getting more in the way, and cook's eyes beseech me not to pile on more trouble. But there is the question of wines to be solved, the temperatures to be guarded, a table to be set where on the extension of the terrace built over the lake it is shaded by a gold and silken tent. I must have half the morning to set it up; then there's more work on the terrace. And all the resources of the house, in old pitchers, bronzes, knick-knacks, have to play their part in creating a Titian painting. The guests in general do not understand a thing about it, but we have done it only for ourselves, and my wife says, before the guests arrive: "It is a pity that in a few hours all will be destroyed."

As I cannot stand a disorderly room and say with

Goethe that I'd rather tolerate injustice than disorder, this pedantry deprives me of half the pleasure of our festivals, as I constantly try to straighten out behind guests and servants. Apply this to life as a whole, and the aesthete must concede that he wastes half his time in preparation for life.

When the last guests depart and we accompany them down to their cars at the gate, they say farewell and drive off through the night; then we have a beautiful moment as we slowly return to the house. But then the battlefield in those big rooms looks so horrible that, even if it is three o'clock, we first try to get a little order again. The thought that a servant might in the morning enter upon such devastation is unbearable to us, so that we spend another half-hour there.

Other evenings we sit, two or three, at the fireplace, where we burn our own wood. When the children were still small, they would roast chestnuts, jumping with glee when they cracked. In the library there are newspapers and magazines, and I am unhappy when their good order is disturbed. The children may lie on the floor, turning the pages of an illustrated book. I am interested in books mainly on account of their binding, and I order them constantly according to their size and color. As I have to read so many source books, and I love books about Nature, I very seldom read a novel. The only two authors whose books are always open are Goethe and Nietzsche.

Sometimes the house is darkened downstairs; then we

NO CONCERTS

are alone in my wife's little room, with a bottle of Bordeaux; then the discussion returns in endless variations upon the heads and gestures we have seen. These are to me the finger exercises that every violinist has to repeat daily. By study of the heads and characters of my friends, my enemies, my contemporaries all, I keep in trim to comprehend and to describe historic figures as though alive. A guest who leaves our house has no idea how he was studied.

Throughout thirty years there has seldom been an evening without music. As I do not permit anyone to prescribe my program, I prefer the phonograph to the radio. I know I lose something in the color of the sound. But I eat dates out of imported boxes, because it would be a little too far, too inconvenient, to return to the Lybian desert, where they taste much better in their freshness direct from the palmtree.

Concerts are really good only for unmusical people, who want to see a soloist or a conductor, without asking what is to be played. To them all the bother of the trip, of checking hats and coats, all the chattering, the perfume of the lady in front, the plebeian applause, and those terrible encores: all this means nothing to them, not even the fidgeting figure of a man, with his back turned to them, waving his arms in the air. They love to see that; they love to be seen themselves. The invisible orchestra, already introduced by Wagner, is really an ideal. Especially for us who do not feel the thrill for a star, who deny

QUARTETS

the prime importance of a virtuoso, who believe that with the perfect execution of today nearly eighty percent of all performances are equal to one another.

I lie down on a couch before the phonograph, choose the light for the room, the record, and the hour, and play over and over the things I love. I slowly sip the Sauterne befitting Chopin. The happiness of being almost alone, of determining the light, my posture, the length of the performance—like King Ludwig of Bavaria—and the blotting out of the concert world, are so important that I gladly accept this slightly diminished date without its desert smell.

The most beautiful evenings are those of the quartets. We do not invite anyone for these, because company and music exclude one another. When, three minutes after the last part of Beethoven's Opus 127, I hear somebody make a political point, I become impolite. One can invite only a very few persons who themselves live wholly with music.

Then the dinner is always a little festival, in which wine plays an important role. Then the salad of the hostess is analyzed by experts, or the lake trout with its special sauce is the topic of our discussion, as before, a theme of Brahms. First we play for an hour, then we eat and drink for two. We tell one another endless anecdotes of musicians, and at ten o'clock we begin again, in a fresh mood. Wagner disqualified himself, as he did not write absolute music, thank God! But sometimes we proceed from the Elysian fields of classical music to modern experiments.

When, in the middle of the music hall, the four instruments are tuned, and I sit in a corner and the poodle sits in the midst of the musicians, I am already happy before they start. A dozen pictures of our ancestors are lighted from above, so that the ancestors seem to look into the otherwise darkened room and listen to the music which their grandchildren now present. How the figure of the Scotch lady in blue, of my wife's family, accords with that of the impassioned Jewess of my Silesian ancestors, from picture to picture, or the silent worthy English merchant with the stir of my genial father—well, that is their affair. Perhaps only one may feel good, that is my grandfather, who constructed his own furniture a hundred years ago, importing the wood himself from South America. As music loosens the soul, so perhaps these shadows come to life, until lamps and music die out again, and all sink back into their magic sleep.

In the intermissions, we sit on the terrace extended over the lake, where never a light is allowed, as the stars provide their own illumination. My wife knows them and some of their secrets, or, as one of our guests once said, she calls them by their first names. There, a gentle discussion can be held, between two guests reclining in the long chairs, and perhaps tonight first beginning to approach one another. Music and stars, the wild mountain landscape, and the dreamy garden, have already brought some romances to their blossoming.

The night has the advantage, that it never ends. When

SUMMER NIGHT

the day closes, a new mood begins, marked by lamps, and chill, closed doors, other garments; we meet one another again, in a changed mood. The night is without end: no outer disturbance threatens; rather, we feel that we could stay awake forever.

I love the summer night; there is nothing more beautiful in the world. We still enjoy, in the lukewarm air, the influence of the sun, yet we are enveloped in a romantic darkness, through which we hearken to new sounds, because in the daytime I do not hear the creek that falls in cascades to the lake not very far from the house. Now all thoughts seem to dissolve; they become less sharp, but deeper. Perhaps rhymes come that the day did not bring; a word takes on new significance. Inasmuch as the summer night clears away all logic, and snaps the last shackles from outwelling emotion, all hilarity is as though transported to another sphere. We approach the gods that sparkle in the stars.